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The Week

IT WAS a poor augury for the new control of the N.R.A. when Donald Richberg, head of the policy committee, attended the meeting of the Steel Institute that renewed the Steel Code, with all its unsound price-control and basing-point clauses, and gave this code his public blessing. Did the N.R.A. administrative committee pass on this question? If so, what has become of the supposedly new orientation toward code price fixing and private monopoly? If not, does this action mean that the administrative committee's most important functions are to be usurped by higher authority, that it will sink to the level of a body merely for advice and protest, like the Consumers' Advisory Board? Another blow to the intentions of the new administrators is the President's decision to let industries "police themselves," in face of the refusal of the Attorney General to enforce the N.I.R.A. as in the Houde case. Somehow or other, in this administration, the appointees who see eye to eye with big business on practical questions rise to the positions in which decisions are made, while those whose naming arouses so much hope among liberals and progressives gravitate to the status of offering unaccepted advice.

GERMANY, so often inept in her foreign policy, has blundered badly in her dealings with the United States—if we assume, that is, that the good will of this country means anything at all to her. Almost simultaneously, she announces the cancellation of the most-favored-nation treaty with us, and states that American holders of Dawes Plan bonds will be subject to discriminatory treatment, receiving only 75 percent of the interest due them, while bondholders in several European countries will be paid in full. The first action is, presumably, a retaliation for the boycott on German goods, which is especially effective in this country. It means less foreign trade for Germany at a time when she is already close to an economic debacle. As for the payments to bondholders, it is an example of pure power politics. Other countries buy from Germany more than they sell to her, have large German credits in their possession, and have threatened to seize these and pay bondholders out of the proceeds. The United States on balance does not have such credits, cannot retaliate, and our holders of Dawes Plan bonds are therefore penalized. Good Nazi philosophy!—but like some other Nazi philosophy, in the long run it will do more harm than good.

THIS year's election campaign is a keen disappointment to those trusting souls, if any, who look to occasions of this sort for a searching and useful debate upon our great national problems and the ways in which the administration in power is attempting to solve them. Even the Republicans know there is not the faintest chance of destroying the huge Democratic majorities in House and Senate, though in the House, at least, the Democrats may perhaps lose some seats. In many states, public support of President Roosevelt is still so strong that Republican orators who began by a vigorous assault on the New Deal have hastily abandoned this attack and are now arguing only that the particular Republican candidate they support could uphold the hands of the President better than the Democratic nominee. They have been frightened, no doubt, by the report that a widely circulated,

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and conservative, weekly paper which recently attacked Mr. Roosevelt in a slashing editorial lost many thousands of subscribers overnight.

THE Republicans are charging that through relief funds and, particularly, public-works expenditures, the federal government is buying votes. In making this charge, they are probably launching a political boomerang: it seems likely that for every horrified wealthy taxpayer whom they can frighten in this way (such taxpayers being normally Republicans in any case) there are at least ten poor voters who are quite willing to endorse such a policy provided only that they themselves get a reasonable share. Frank Kent, in The Baltimore Sun, recently reported conservative Republicans as wishing it were possible to take away the franchise from everyone accepting public relief, and thus remove something like 10,000,000 voters from the rolls, most of whom, it is assumed, will support the Democrats. Republican spokesmen have hysterically repudiated the suggestion that this is what they want, though it would obviously fit in well with their general political philosophy (it was recently proposed by the New York State Economic Council). The chief weakness of their campaign is, of course, that they have nothing to offer as an alternative to the New Deal. They are still becalmed with Hoover.

WHAT truth is there in the reports that the Democrats are "buying votes" with federal billions? In our opinion, not much. Certainly, Jim Farley would see nothing wrong in it, if he thought he could get away with it. There is undoubtedly some graft, and even more waste and inefficiency, in the distribution of relief. It is well known that in many parts of the country, local Democratic politicians have tried to muscle in on both relief payments and public-works expenditures. For the most part, however, the Democrats are trying to take credit for expenditures that were inevitable and non-political. Perhaps the worst mistake of the Republicans is the assumption that recipients of federal money are satisfied and grateful. On the contrary, we believe there is evidence that they are not. They obviously prefer Roosevelt's ideas to Hoover's, but there are many straws in the wind to indicate that they, and many others, would be glad to see the President go much farther to the left than he has done. The success of Bilbo in Mississippi and Huey Long in Louisiana, and the tremendous vote Upton Sinclair received in the California primary, are all evidence of this trend. If it is as important as we believe, President Roosevelt may be making a mistake, even from the narrowest tactical point of view, in his present efforts to appear a cautious conservative.

THE New Republic unreservedly condemns the action of President Robinson of the College of the City of New York in suspending the Student Council and disciplining students in connection with the anti-fascist disturbances at the college, and it regards the apology for this action contained in a statement by the faculty as a bit of specious and unrealistic reasoning. The facts are that the President officially invited a group of Italian, Fascist students to visit the college and arranged a reception in their honor. This obvious bit of propaganda was veiled by the usual pious phrases about the visit being "non-political" in purpose. The Student Council—the regular body for student self-government—did not wish in this way to aid propaganda of which it heartily disapproved or to sully the good name of the college by making it appear as an instrument for such distasteful propaganda. The students made their point effective by interrupting the proceedings at the meeting and otherwise. The whole country now knows where they stand. The fact that they had to disobey rulings of the college authorities in order to do this only does credit to their courage. The faculty's argument that this conduct was ungentlemanly, inhospitable, disgraceful, intolerant, etc., and that, while they are in favor of freedom of speech and democracy they do not propose to countenance "insubordinate conduct" which is "subversive of all orderly progress," seems to us childish, especially when the issue concerns the methods and principles of a Mussolini or a Hitler.

THE A.F of L. Convention, by promising industrial rather than craft unions to the newly organized workers in the basic industries, and by enlarging its Executive Council to include some new blood, has yielded to the program of the trade-union progressives. It is inaccurate, however, to describe this as a revolutionary change in the character of the movement. While craft unions and the craft-union spirit have dominated, a number of the constituent bodies have long been organized on the industrial basis: for example, the miners, the textile workers, the garment workers, the brewery workers. Even craft unions have coöperated for industrial action, as in the railway shops, and sometimes in the building trades. The decision is important only in making it easier effectively to organize hitherto unorganized industries. It does not, moreover, necessarily portend any more radical attitude toward political and social questions in general. The industrial unions in the Federation have frequently had the most conservative leaders and policies. The new members of the Executive Council include some of the most reactionary leaders, like Hutcheson of the Carpenters and Tobin of the Teamsters, while the principal leader of the progressive bloc is none other than the able but autocratic John L. Lewis of the Miners.

IF SOME imaginative Marxist wanted to write a burlesque of the horrors of capitalism, he could hardly have done better than to describe the actual conditions in Pecs, Hungary, where 1,200 miners went on strike and announced their intention of staying in the mine, 1,300 feet below the surface, until their demands were granted or death inter-

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vened. These men were working part time, and receiving about $2 a week. The mine was owned by absentee capitalists, in a complicated and indirect fashion: it is stated that much of the ownership was English. Though the strike has finally been settled on a compromise basis, it is not yet sure, as we go to press, that all the miners have survived their ordeal, and it is reported that some who are still alive have lost their reason. In a few hours more, water would have risen in the mine and drowned many, perhaps all, of the strikers. The men sent out one message which read: "We were soldiers in war and were protected then. We now are soldiers of production and claim protection likewise." But they weren't protected in war; they were fed and clothed, it is true, but only so that their lives could be thrown away on the battlefield. In peace or war, the welfare of the individual is nothing to the impersonal profit system.

DAVID LAMSON is to have another chance for life. This young Californian, who was convicted on the flimsiest grounds of murdering his wife, and whose case was described by Yvor Winters in The New Republic of October 10, has been ordered to be tried again, in a decision by the California Supreme Court. Although the court holds that Lamson was condemned to death "on mere suspicion," Chief Justice William H. Waste, in making the decision public, added the verbal comment that a majority of the members of the Supreme Court believe the defendant to be guilty. This extraordinary remark, printed in all the newspapers, would seem to be gravely prejudicial to Lamson's chance of justice, since it will be difficult to find a jury of even the feeblest intelligence whose members will not know of the court's attitude and be influenced by it. The court decision, incidentally, follows Mr. Winters' view in dismissing, as inconsequential, all the "evidence" brought forward by the so-called expert witnesses for the prosecution. We do not see how anyone can study the record carefully without being convinced of the overwhelming probability that Lamson is innocent.

WHEN 1,380 out of 1,400 Protestant clergymen in Bavaria sign their names to a declaration condemning the Führer's Reichsbishop and his Church Council; when the organized Protestants of Bavaria and Württemberg withdraw from the German Church and the overwhelming majority of Prussia's Protestants, in almost six thousand churches, announce their solidarity with their South German brethren; when thousands of Protestants demonstrate before the Brown House in Munich with cries of "Down Hitler"—that is a religious revolution such as Germany has not seen since the days of Luther's Reformation. But more noteworthy is the fact that the regime stands idly by. A few months ago such a demonstration of willful disobedience would have sent thousands to the concentration camps. Now there is an anxious avoidance of anything that might add fuel to the flames. There have been intimations, indeed, that the Reich would listen to reason, that some other, more acceptable head might be appointed in Reichsbishop Müller's place, an unheard-of violation of the authoritarian principle of the Nazi state. Germany's dictators challenged the power of the Protestant clergy and the German Nationalists behind them—and lost. They admit defeat and are ready for concessions. It was no accident that united the South German Protestants, the state Churches of Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden and Hesse in this revolt against the church rule of Nazi Berlin. Catholics and Protestants alike in these South German regions will resist Prussian domination to the utmost. Like Hitler's proud "union of state," which has totally failed to wipe out particularist feeling in the South, the National Church of the Nazis has no foundation in reality because it runs counter to prejudices more fundamental than any to which the National Socialist movement has yet appealed. The Church will not bring the overthrow of the Third Reich. Ultimately the issues at stake will be settled by compromise. But as the first demonstration of weakness in the face of mass opposition, the importance of the Protestant rebellion can hardly be overestimated.

TO THE accompaniment of a considerable degree of public hullabaloo, a manufacturer of whisky is conducting a campaign for temperance. He urges people not to spend money on drink when it is needed for food and clothing. The argument is that by avoiding the excesses of past days, the country can be insured against the danger of a return to prohibition. We doubt very much whether any such appeal can be effective. Excessive drinking in the middle and upper classes is confined to a few psychopathic individuals who, if they did not take this road of escape, would doubtless choose some other equally harmful. Among the poor, it is also an attempt to escape—from poverty; and the way to cure it is not to preach to the victim, or attempt to make liquor inaccessible, but to improve economic conditions. When a manufacturer of liquor urges people to buy less than the greatest possible quantity of his product, he is indulging in a gesture of self-denial of a sort that has been tried many times and has almost always failed. Invariably, there appears just around the corner a less sensitive competitor whose motto is maximum sales for maximum profits.

AFTER almost a year of repeal, the liquor situation remains extremely bad. Federal Administrator Choate believes that at least one-half, perhaps two-thirds, of all the liquor now being consumed is bootleg, much of it extremely inferior in quality. For this fact, the attitude of the federal, state and municipal governments is chiefly to blame. In the endeavor to extract the greatest possible revenue from the newly legalized industry, taxes have been made too high and the bootlegger has an attractively wide margin of profit. More than a third of the states

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are still theoretically dry, and in these, the bad conditions of prohibition days continue. The federal government, endeavoring to bargain with foreign countries for the sake of increasing American exports, still follows, in general, a policy of restricting imports of liquor, thus creating an artificial scarcity of many products that cannot be made here. So far as we can judge, the best situation exists where the sale of distilled liquors in original packages is a state monopoly; this would seem to confirm the view that the wisest ultimate solution is for the federal government to be the sole agent for manufacture, import and sale.

PROFESSOR Raymond Moley, writing in Today, of which he is editor, recently launched a sharp attack upon Upton Sinclair's candidacy for Governor of California. Unkind political commentators at once came forward to suggest that, since Today is well known to be an administration organ, this was a clever move to offset the effect of the President's cordial reception of Sinclair at Hyde Park: let the pro-Sinclair people remember the visit, the antis the Moley editorial. Whether this is true or not, we do not know. We do know that in his editorial Mr. Moley quoted a few words from an editorial on the subject of Sinclair in The New Republic and gave them a meaning they did not have to those who read them in their context. These words were: "If Sinclair wins in November, as we hope he does, his incumbency should prove tremendously interesting." Mr. Moley added:

> To argue in this fashion is to confess inability to appraise Sinclair's proposals on any basis except that they must be tried out. It ignores the tragic consequences of entrusting governmental power to an incompetent technician. It places the welfare of a great and highly civilized state second to the interests of determining whether a given experiment may succeed.

THE editorial in The New Republic which Mr. Moley criticizes closes with these words:

> If Sinclair wins in November, as we hope he does, his incumbency as Governor should prove tremendously interesting as a social experiment. In our opinion, it will show the impossibility of "one-man reform" in a single state, without any sort of intelligent and cohesive body of supporters behind him. It will show that you cannot "end poverty in California" without far more fundamental and searching reorganization of society than the majority of Californians are prepared to support. It will show how the necessity for political compromise waters down the doctrine even of a sincere lifelong Socialist like Sinclair. It will serve as an object lesson by which the rest of America, if it only will, can profit greatly.

Mr. Moley's are strange words to come from a follower of Roosevelt, the Great Experimenter, who has over and over boasted of trying things out without knowing whether they will succeed. They are especially strange since the most important aspects of the Sinclair "Epic" plan are paralleled by parts of Roosevelt's New Deal. Sinclair wants to put the unemployed on idle land: Roosevelt has done this, through the device of subsistence farms. Sinclair wants to put other unemployed at work in idle factories: Harry L. Hopkins is doing so, on a large scale, through the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. Sinclair proposes high taxes on wealth, and old-age pensions: does Professor Moley assume that Mr. Roosevelt is opposed to these? The editor of Today repudiates the educative value to the country of such an experiment as Sinclair's. He prefers to see California left in the safe and sure hands of a Tory hack politician like Acting Governor Merriam. In doing so he is, it seems to us, not only disloyal to the alleged ideals of the President, but to the whole application of the scientific spirit to social problems. If we read history correctly, nearly all the progress of mankind has come through the "trial and error" method which is such an important part of scientific technique in every field.

Roosevelt Calms Capital

LIKE THE business cycle itself, President Roosevelt's policy seems to pursue a rhythmic course. Periodically he swings toward the left, and then is promptly shunted back to the right. When he returned from Hawaii last summer he was reputed to be on the rampage against reactionary forces. He used a few startling phrases that chilled the magnates and heartened his progressive supporters. General Johnson was permitted to resign. He made a few good appointments—and some bad ones. Now we have the testimony of our Washington correspondent, which is confirmed from other sources, that Mr. Roosevelt has been busy conciliating business and financial leaders. He is supposed to have told them that he will go slow on governmental expenditures and taxation, that their apprehension of interferences with the profit system is baseless. None of the vague things they fear is going to happen.

The reasons for this action are obvious enough. The recovery program has not been working. In September we were as far away from recovery as we had been in November, 1933. The spring upturn petered out in May, and after that the curve turned downward. Apart from everything else, an election impends. No President, no matter how many popular hopes he arouses and no matter what the issues of public debate, can continue forever to hold public favor if good times do not come. And business forces have brought forward again their time-honored means of pressure. Money will not be invested, industries will not produce, employers will not employ, so long as those who govern industry lack "confidence." Confidence is destroyed by fears of radical action that government may take. Therefore, in order to get rid of depression, it is necessary to reassure capital.

The fact that this argument conceals a large

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logical flaw does not prevent it from being accepted. Government has reassured business many times in the past without preventing depressions or getting rid of them. When the present depression began, and during the first three years of its continuance, business had a President who laid exclusive stress on maintaining confidence, and who was so timorous about doing anything business did not want that he was ignominiously defeated for reëlection. Last spring President Roosevelt himself made numerous concessions to business in an effort to stimulate new investment. He consented to modification of the Securities Act, placed monetary tinkering in the background, disbanded the C.W.A., wavered on Section 7a, and let the trade associations and industrial institutes work their own sweet will with price fixing under N.R.A. codes. But recovery came in none of these cases. Times will not be good just because business has its way with politicians.

The catch is that if capital is to be active it needs more than assurance that its accustomed course will not be interrupted by government. It needs assurance that goods can be marketed at profitable prices. This assurance no compliant government can give. And, indeed, the more ready a government is to yield to business pressure, the less, in many cases, is this assurance present. The absence of a market often results from business practices themselves, or from governmental action taken in pursuance of business wishes. Protective tariffs enacted at industrial behest have disrupted world markets. Private monopolies have so distorted the price system as to minimize sales. Price-fixing codes written by private industry have recently hampered recovery in the United States. Capital seeking maximum profits and paying minimum wages itself restricts production. So an inescapable dilemma confronts the liberal statesman: if he does what business wants, he abets the disruption of economic balance; if he does what business does not want, he frightens capital into inactivity.

A President with the consummate political skill of Mr. Roosevelt may, to be sure, wean influential business men away from their more nonsensical obsessions. He may convince them that unemployment insurance and other forms of social legislation will not bring their house down in sudden collapse, that minimum wages may be enforced without destruction of the profit motive. Capitalism in other countries has even made a place for a strong trade-union movement without losing its essential characteristics. In short, a supple-minded aristocrat may bring his wealthy friends to see the wisdom of yielding to popular clamor for standard reforms. No doubt the President hopes to adjust the opposing forces by persuading capitalists that it is to their own best interest to abandon their more reactionary positions. But such things do not touch the heart of the trouble. What Mr. Roosevelt evidently does not understand is that private capitalism cannot be made to produce stable and ever growing abundance without giving up the characteristics that make it what it is. The very surrenders that the President must make in order to achieve his compromises are the ones that prevent the creation of a rational industrial system; they may stand in the way even of a temporary recovery.

How, without a substantial amount of new investment in capital goods, can heavy industry, in which the major part of unemployment exists, be busy? How can a new burst of investment take place if capital values have been built up to a point that cannot be sustained on the basis of the existing purchasing power of the workers and farmers, and if these values are pegged at their exaggerated heights by government loans or by the power over prices and production exercised by private aggregations of wealth? And how, in default of new private investment, can surplus building workers and steel workers and the rest be employed unless government itself takes over the investment function? How can it do this except by a large program, not only of public works and housing but also of building up the equipment of productive industries of all sorts? How can government even begin to do such a thing without undermining private wealth? The most modest attempts at governmental stimulation of production have, one and all, run into the stubborn protests of private enterprises that feared public competition.

Fundamentally, the choice is a sharp and exclusive one, which admits of no practical compromise. Either a government must allow private capitalists to run the show as best they can, or it must run the show itself. Everything a government may do to influence the crucial factors of price making, regulation of production or investment, is an interference with the processes of private enterprise. If it interferes in behalf of private interests, as a capitalist government usually does, it merely makes the existing confusion worse confounded. If it interferes in behalf of abundant production, of raising the standard of living of the masses, it jams the whole capitalist machinery. What is required is not interference with some other power that has different interests, but exercise of the power by those whose interests exclude exploitation.

On this basic issue Mr. Roosevelt's gesture to the right represents, not a new surrender, but a confirmation of that made at the beginning of his administration and continued ever since. He has never taken any real power from capitalism or threatened its prerogatives in any essential way. He has advocated and has tried to enforce reforms that various business interests did not want, but these reforms have not bitten close to the core of the apple. Every addition to the payrolls of workers has been accompanied by an increase of prices at the behest of the employers. Farmers' incomes have been increased, but so have prices to consumers (including farmer consumers). Governmental industrial control has, in effect, emphasized the already existing tendency of capitalism to restrict output. Policing of the securities markets has been

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confined to making the game more honest and safe for the private investor. The most ridiculous of the fears of business is that it has anything to fear from the administration. Mr. Roosevelt can with reason assure capitalism that it will not be upset by him. What he cannot promise it is that it will not destroy itself.

After the Assassination

IN WILL ROGERS' all-American nonsense there is often a flash of insight that makes his promiscuous wisecracking worth reading. Thus in last Monday's syndicated article he expressed in one brief sentence what is most characteristic of the present European situation: "There is not going to be any war in Europe now for nobody knows just who they will fight." Were the Little Entente certain of armed support by France, war to destruction against Hungary would be dangerously within the range of immediate possibility. In Mussolini the milk of human kindness would turn to the blood of dragons could he be sure that France would look the other way while he settles accounts with his Jugoslavian neighbor. And these are only two of the many possible national combinations.

This uncertainty reflects itself in the web of guesswork and speculation that obfuscates the true nature of the forces at work behind the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia. The Georgiev regime in Bulgaria welcomes this opportunity to proceed against the Macedonian terrorist groups and therefore, according to a cable to The New York Herald Tribune, "identifies the assassin of King Alexander through the police of Sofia as a Macedonian terrorist." Belgrade is just as uncompromising in insisting that the three terrorists came from Hungary, that two of them are born Hungarians who prepared for their attack on the Jugoslavian crown with the guilty knowledge of the Hungarian government. The Powers will have to agree on the nation most unlikely to cause national and international complications as the birthplace of these terrorists.

That King Alexander was one of the bloodiest tyrants of modern times only uncritical journalistic and diplomatic servitors of royalty, here and in Europe, dare deny. A few months ago The New Republic published a graphic description by Louis Adamic, who had just returned from the land of his fathers, of King Alexander's reign of terror. What the Slavic-American author wrote then has been more than substantiated since. American newspapers may shed sorrowful tears at the bier of the dead King, but the intelligent reader knows that this tyrant richly deserved his fate.

True, the death of this despot does not compensate for the inhuman suffering of the Jugoslavian people during the twenty years of his regency and rule. Assassination, here as elsewhere, is probably futile to accomplish its purposes. Alexander is dead but his system will live in the regency of three men as outspoken as he in their enmity toward the Croatians.

The assassination of the Jugoslavian King offers a striking commentary on the question of national minorities, which played so important a part in recent League of Nations discussions. Poland's belligerent denunciation of her minority obligations before the assembled nations in Geneva set diplomatic heads and tongues wagging. But it remained for the assassin to reveal the proud theory of protected minorities as a sham and a delusion. Jugoslavia came into being in June, 1917, when a group of Serbians, Croatians and Slovenes, at the suggestion of French and British statesmen, met in Corfu to lay the foundation for a new Slavic state. The Allies sponsored and financed this venture as a potential force against the defeated Austrian and German nations, and would have been more successful had they been able to agree among themselves as to which of the Powers should claim Jugoslavia's allegiance.

When the "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes" came into being, it was understood by the parties thereto that all national units would enjoy equal rights in its government. In his address to the representatives assumbled in Corfu, the Pan-Serbian Minister Pasitch emphasized that there would be neither majorities nor minorities in the new East-European state. When the representative of South Slavonia, a Socialist, suspicious of generalities, demanded guarantees, these were given in the form of a written declaration pledging equality to the Croatian and Slovenian minorities.

We know what has become of these guarantees. The League of Nations, which, according to Mr. Benes, "never neglects its obligations," made no attempt to check the suppression of the Croatian minority by the Serbian masters. To be sure, non-Croatian elements in the population were not much better off under the dictatorship that Alexander Kareorgevitch proclaimed over the entire nation at the first intimation of national unrest. Constitutional guarantees ceased to exist and parliamentary government became a farce.

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Germany Up to Her Old Tricks

IN THESE times of great intellectual stress and international tension, it is important that two considerations be kept constantly in mind by every person who refuses to surrender to passion. The first is that the institutions and citizens of the United States shall not be used by foreign governments and agents for the purposes of their propaganda. The second is that the integrity and previous values of science and scholarship shall not be destroyed by politicians and government bureaucrats temporarily in power, but shall be cherished and defended against attacks from every direction.

Now it is well known to students of international diplomacy that foreign governments have persistently carried on propaganda in the United States, employing citizens, the press and institutions of learning in their operations. It is known to the few American students who had access to German Foreign Office archives after they were torn open by revolution in 1918 that the imperial German government deliberately operated in American universities with propaganda purposes in view and that it laid special emphasis on capturing Harvard University on account of its distinction and leadership in American intellectual life.

In the light of these fundamental considerations and these established facts, the following documents are germane. The first is an extract from The Paris Herald, of August 4, 1934:

> After three weeks passed near the Austro-German border, during which he investigated local reactions to both the German *Putsch* and the murder of Dollfuss, Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, stated yesterday that Hitler's command of Germany as both Chancellor and President is assured because he has created an impression of domestic peace among a people weary of politics.
>
> Dean Pound left Paris with Mrs. Pound for Innsbruck, July 6, and motored to Salzburg and Bad-Ischl en route to Vienna and Budapest. In Bavaria they stopped at Oberammergau and passed several days in Munich, where Dean Pound discussed the current situation as well as the new movement in German law with German teachers of the University of Munich.
>
> Although present at strategic points during a period of sensational developments, the Dean was everywhere impressed by the absence of tension and by the peaceful manner in which the people accepted Hitler as their leader.
>
> "The rise of Hitler," he said, "is an old phenomenon in the history of man. As in Mussolini's case in 1921, Hitler rolled in on the wave of public sentiment against politics. All those countries—Austria, Germany, Hungary, Italy and the rest—are tired of internal bickering and will back up a man who can bring them freedom from agitating 'movements.'
>
> "I see strong evidence of the same distaste for political things in France, and I would not be surprised to see the French unite in supporting a man who could spare them the turbulence of politics. I doubt if this could occur in America or England, because these two countries do not take their politics as seriously as the others. As for the current regime in Austria, I see no reason why it should fail if it continues to attract the confidence of the people, as it seems to have done since Dollfuss' death."
>
> Throughout his tour of the supposedly troubled Austro-German border area, Dean Pound saw only a beautiful countryside inhabited by people who seemed totally unaware of startling reports involving the border. While newspapers reported mobilizations of troops, Dean Pound crossed and recrossed the border eight times and did not see an Austrian soldier at any time during his stay in Austria. "The great bulk of the population," he said, "whether German or Austrian, isn't bothering about anything except its own private affairs.
>
> "Before we went to Austria we nearly abandoned the trip because we were told we might run into difficulties. On the contrary, we had much less trouble passing the border than a person meets getting from Canada into the United States. In Bavaria I never saw any indication of tension or fear of the future. People discussed Hitler and everything else openly, just as we talk of Roosevelt in the United States. Once in a while you ran across a swastika painted on a barn.
>
> "After all we've heard about the situation in Germany and Austria since returning to Paris, it seems funny that the only place where we saw any soldiers was in the Swiss Alps when we went past a Swiss summer training camp."

The second document is an extract from The New York Herald Tribune of August 25, 1934:

> A tour of Germany and Austria during the last six weeks convinced Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School that political conditions in those countries had been greatly exaggerated, he said on his arrival aboard the "Aquitania."
>
> He was in the Austrian Tyrol during the Nazi *Putsch* and said he saw no disturbances. He felt that the average German was sincerely in favor of the Hitler regime.
>
> "The Germans believe that Hitler has stopped the wholesale grafting. As to whether the powers he now holds were obtained through violations of constitutional laws of Germany, that is difficult to say; for we must remember that England and the United States are the only two countries that have real constitutional law. Anything gets by under certain foreign systems of constitutions as being legal."

The third document is an extract from The Boston Transcript, September 17, 1934:

> The degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him by the University of Berlin was today presented to Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School by

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Dr. Hans Luther, ambassador of the Hitler government to the United States.

"Simply made on general principles, I daresay," said Dean Pound at the close of the informal ceremony at Langdell Hall, Cambridge. "Although you can see they have given me a rather flowery Latin citation," he added, pointing out an elaborately engrossed text on the certificate. The parchments were contained in a tube of rich red velvet.

Dr. Luther, who has been passing some weeks at Falmouth Heights on Cape Cod and in New Hampshire, stopped at Cambridge on his way to Washington to make the presentation, and a luncheon at the Ritz Carlton followed, with Kurt von Tippelskirch, German consul-general at Boston, as host to Dean Pound and other members of the law faculty.

President James Bryant Conant of Harvard was among the dozen or more guests at the presentation, but declined to be photographed with Dean Pound and Dr. Luther.

"I'm not in it," he declared with some vehemence as camera men asked him to pose. "I'm not in it. It's strictly a matter between these two gentlemen. I'm not in it."

The fourth document is an extract from President Conant's letter to Dr. Hanfstängel declining the latter's offer of a fellowship to Harvard (The New York Times, October 4, 1934):

> We are unwilling to accept a gift from one who has been so closely associated with the leadership of a political party which has inflicted damage on the universities of Germany through measures which have struck at principles we believe to be fundamental to universities throughout the world.
>
> Since your offer was made public and has been the subject of discussion, we deem it proper to make this letter public.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Left Turn in Wisconsin

THE DECISION of the La Follettes to build a new party structure in Wisconsin will be proof to many that even the most able and adept of our insurgents eventually find insurgency a feeble lance. But such a simple and pseudo-logical explanation does scant justice to the political insight of the La Follettes. And it fails to illuminate the complexity of Wisconsin politics. The La Follettes are abandoning the Republican Party less because they find it inhibiting their insurgency in ideas than because within it they are caught in the vise of one of their own major political inventions—the direct primary. So long as the victor in the September primary could count upon winning easily in the November general election, the direct primary was of value to the Progressives. But the sudden rejuvenation of the Democratic Party in 1932 destroyed this advantage. In the first place, the "fair-minded" Democrats, who for thirty years had provided the La Follettes with an indispensable margin of support, went back to their own party primary. In the second place, the Progressives, always hard put for campaign funds, were now forced, if they survived the primary, immediately to enter a second difficult and expensive campaign. The obvious expedient was a new party in whose primary the contests would be nominal and inexpensive, and whose candidates would face a divided opposition in November. The results of the primary of September 18 support the wisdom of this choice. The Progressives have, with a minimum of expense and internal friction, nominated a strong ticket headed by Robert M. La Follette as candidate for the United States Senate and Philip F. La Follette as candidate for the governorship. Further, they have made a show of strength which places them far ahead of their traditional foes, the Stalwart Republicans, and on even terms with their Democratic opponents. The reëlection of "Young Bob" to the Senate is almost certain, and while Philip La Follette's election to the governorship faces greater opposition from Governor Schmedeman, he has better than an even chance.

When the elder La Follette emerged victorious from his ten years' war with the Stalwart Republicans in 1904, he led a well disciplined army. His conquest of the western half of the state was complete and he held sufficient outposts in the enemy's territory along the lake-front to make his gains secure. Rank and file, Old Bob's army was three-fourths agrarian. The farmers had rallied to his standard in thousands as he led his crusade against the railroad and lumber barons and their political errand boys, the "bosses." His most zealous followers were the Norwegian homesteaders who, having reached political maturity, were restless in the political obscurity to which the Stalwart machine had consigned them. German Lutherans, fretful under the Yankee oligarchy of the Republican Party, swelled his ranks. The trend of economic forces also smiled upon him. The dairy farmers, whose special friend he was, were rapidly wresting primacy in the state from the lumbermen. With a clear-cut, symmetrical program based upon the needs of all these groups, he fashioned a closely integrated political organization built so securely into the social and economic structure of the state that it was practically invincible.

The World War considerably disturbed the equilibrium of these forces, and there was a slow decline in the power of the Progressive organization culminating in the debacle of 1932, when the Progressive ticket suffered its most severe defeat in thirty years. The major explanation for this decline and

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defeat is to be found in the urbanization of Wisconsin. In 1900 the farmers cast approximately one-half the votes in a state election. Today they can muster but a scant third. The Progressives still poll two-thirds of the farmer vote, but the outcome is always uncertain in the villages and the towns, and particularly in the belt of new industrial cities along the lake-shore and the Fox and Rock River valleys. These cities embrace a population composed in part of mechanics and laborers brought in from other states, in part of recent immigrant groups to whom the La Follettes are strangers, and in part of recruits from Wisconsin's own farms and villages to whom the erstwhile agrarian sentiments of the La Follettes are neither appealing nor pertinent. Even the dairy farmers in the milk shed of this area have been weaned away from their ancient loyalty to the Progressives. Within this enemy stronghold the new party has the official support, and to a great extent the rank-and-file allegiance, of organized labor groups. Victory and permanence, however, depend primarily upon the ability of the La Follette brothers and their colleagues to transform techniques long successful with farmer audiences into effective urban appeals.

Fortunately, the interests and the ideas of the La Follettes have been moving toward this new emphasis for several years. "Young Bob's" career in the Senate has been one of increasing interest in the processes of an industrial society. His discussions of the depression and of the New Deal have dealt, in slowly developed but persuasive logic, with the need for more thorough control of the new network of economic forces. Phil, as Governor, candidate and writer, has made remarkable progress in investing his flamelike oratory with the substance of modern economic theory; and Tom Amlie, to cite but one of a dozen able lieutenants, has attracted national attention with his trenchant analysis of left-wing political ideology. Substantial progress has already been made in the reintegration of the agrarian and urban elements that logically belong in the Progressive movement. The distance traveled in this direction is further revealed by the greater emphasis upon industrial problems in the personal platforms that the La Follettes submitted to the electorate during the recent primary campaign.

The Stalwart Republicans have been the most powerful opposition to progressivism in Wisconsin. In their newspapers, their Chambers of Commerce, their Wisconsin Manufacturers' Association and such other social and economic organizations, they have possessed the most powerful levers in the political and economic life of the state. They have wealth and the subtly exercised controls of social prestige. In Walter J. Kohler they have had in recent years a widely popular leader, strong in his wealth, in his German following and in his record as a benevolent capitalist. The Stalwart voters have been numerous in the old Yankee counties of the southeastern corner of the state. The middle classes, particularly the lawyers, have been loyal, as have an increasing number of voters of German descent. Many of the well-to-do farmers, especially those within the urban culture areas, have voted with them. The undirected and unorganized labor groups in the cities have, in default of appropriate appeals from the Progressives, been easy prey to the well organized Stalwarts. But this powerful combination has suffered severe reverses in the last two years. Kohler, embarrassed by labor difficulties in his model village outside Sheboygan, has refused to participate in the present campaign. John B. Chapple, senatorial nominee, whose 1932 campaign against John J. Blaine for the United States senatorship set a post-war record for vulgarity and Red-baiting, now heads the ticket, while Howard T. Greene, wealthy dairy farmer of suburban Waukesha County, gubernatorial candidate, is expected to provide ballast for the volatile Chapple. Neither Chapple nor Greene is an astute campaigner. A well directed Progressive attack should make heavy inroads into the unorganized labor groups and win back the straying German voters.

Temporarily surpassing the Stalwarts in strength, though so amorphous as to be difficult of analysis, is the rejuvenated Democracy of Wisconsin. In organization the Democratic Party in the state has long been a gang of small-time politicians living upon the meager spoils of local government. Washed into public office on the high tide of Roosevelt popularity, they have done little but wonder at the miracle since. The membership of the party is vague and indeterminate. It has a traditional base in the Catholic voters of the state—Irish, German, Slavic, with the Irish exercising the major leadership. In Wisconsin's new urban centers its organizers have marshaled all the religious and national elements hostile to the Republicans into ward, town or city machines. To this normal strength there was added in the 1932 election the powerful endorsement of the La Follettes and the Progressives and the magic name Roosevelt at the top of the Democratic ballot. In official leadership the party is poverty-stricken. Governor Schmedeman is well meaning, but without a sense of direction. Senator Duffy, along with the Democratic delegation to Congress, has made no impression upon the state. Power has accordingly been taken over by a party junta in which the chief figures are Leo T. Crowley, Madison and Milwaukee banker, and C. G. Broughton, publisher of The Sheboygan Press and Democratic National Committeeman. Under their adept management the party is being transformed into a Stalwart combine.

There are already vague, but quite logical, rumors of a coalition of Democrats and Stalwarts. Competing for the same general sources of strength and within the same area, they will inevitably be driven further into the alliance that began in the 1933 state legislature and was reflected in the primary results. Schmedeman and his ticket drew heavily from former Kohler districts; and such strongholds of Stalwartism as the fashionable

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Whitefish Bay and Shorewood suburbs of Milwaukee gave Schmedeman a heavy plurality. The Manufacturers' Association and its followers may very well have made their choice: Schmedeman to beat La Follette.

The strategic location of the Milwaukee Socialists in the very heart of the contested territory gives them an importance beyond their numerical strength. For twenty years they have maintained a slender hold upon the government of the Wisconsin metropolis through their votes in a half-dozen wards, but though they have tried for years to conquer the rest of Wisconsin by elaborately worded (and self-conscious) proclamations, their language has been alien to all but a scattered few. The new Progressive platform adopted October 2 took over the most useful of the Socialist planks and the movement will absorb a considerable portion of the Socialist vote.

The Progressives have fortunately recognized that winning Wisconsin has become a matter of capturing its cities, and they are aware that the new economic and social profile of the state demands urbanization in both platform and personnel. To isolate from the present welter of dissent the central demands that will attract the urban vote, the La Follettes have turned to the left. That turning will bring to left-wing politics in America a poise and common sense it has long lacked. Their victory in November will provide a base for complete realignment of our national parties.

WALLACE S. SAYRE.

To the Finland Station: I

8. Decline of the Revolutionary Tradition: Anatole France

ANATOLE FRANCE, of the generation twenty years younger than Renan and Taine, was twenty-seven at the time of the Commune. He had been declared unfit for service at the front and, as a member of the National Guard, had been reading Virgil on the fortifications. When the socialist government of Paris was set up and there seemed danger of his being pressed to its defense, he got away from Paris with a false name and a Belgian passport, and took refuge in Versailles, the headquarters of the bourgeois government. From Versailles, he writes to his parents that he has had the satisfaction of seeing a group of Communard prisoners: "riffraff . . . they were hideous, as you may suppose." The explosion of a powder magazine in the Luxembourg was clearly heard in Versailles, and the people there were very much frightened. Young Anatole France watched the fire and worried about his family in Paris. Back at home, with the Commune suppressed and the Louvre and the National Library still intact, so that he was able to feel that "the intellectual life was not yet altogether lost in Paris," he writes a friend that "the government of Madness and Crime is rotting at last in the very hour when it was beginning to put its program into effect. Paris has run up the tricolor over the ruins."

He was the son of a Paris bookseller, and the family shop on the Quai Voltaire was a veritable clearing-house for that rich culture of Paris which became richer as the century wore on. The scholars, the novelists and the poets came there. The shop was within the shadow of the Academy, and when Anatole France was fifteen he drew at the end of one of his school themes which had received honorable mention a picture of the Thibault bookshop and the Cupola and drew a line connecting one with the other. Two years later, he wrote to his father, who had just attended a meeting of the Academy: "How shall I answer your letter now that you have actually sat within the holy precincts of the Institute, now that you have listened to the most eloquent voices and the most nobly inspired poems—I who know only the greenery of the fields, the blue of the sky, the thatched roofs of the farms?"

One of his great admirations was Renan. In "The Wedding at Corinth," a play in verse, he dramatized the "Origins of Christianity"; and part of "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," the story of a kindly, innocent and subtle-minded old scholar, is said to have been based on Renan's adventures in Sicily. Out of the preface to a late book of Renan's, "Philosophical Dramas," he got the phrase about approaching human life with an attitude of irony and pity which he was himself to exploit and make famous. The young Anatole France, in fact, achieved his first success by a sort of sweetened imitation of Renan in his old age. "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," which he afterwards grew to loathe, was aimed, he confessed, at the Academy. And the Academy duly crowned it. By the time he was thirty-eight, Anatole France was an Academician. He was afterwards to say that he had done everything which would have pleased his mother on the Quai Voltaire.

Yet there was something else underneath the surface of the honey-voiced early France. Anatole France was a man of superior abilities who had taken some disagreeable snubs. At the ecclesiastical school to which he had been sent, the Collège Stanislas, the old scale of social values was still in force. In the whole course of his attendance there, France afterwards told his secretary, Jean-Jacques Brousson, he had never received a prize. The

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prizes all went to the pupils with aristocratic names —it was thus the masters advertised the school. "A few second-rate honors, to be sure, were thrown to the Third Estate, the sons of doctors or notaries or lawyers—prizes for recitation, drawing or religious instruction. But favoritism played its part even then in the distribution of the crumbs that fell from the high table." The masters told his parents he was dull and advised them to take him out: they were only wasting their money trying to educate him beyond his station. The elder France had been a shoemaker's son, who had begun his career as a farm boy and soldier, who had educated himself and worked up gradually to the bookshop on the Quai Voltaire; and Anatole was to cherish all his life the resentment of the petty bourgeois against the big bourgeois and the nobility. His unctuous manners are likely to break down when something happens to revive this resentment. He became furious with a vicomte of the Academy, who had promised to vote for him and then failed to do so: "You are mistaken, M. de——," he blasted him, when the Academician tried to apologize. "You voted for me! You gave me your word. You're a gentleman: you don't break your word. You're mistaken, M. de——; you did vote for me!" And when one of the priests of the Collège Stanislas who had told his parents to put him to work in the shop, tried to congratulate him after his election to the Academy, France repulsed him in a harsh burst of anger. France hated the priests all the more because he felt that the Catholic training tended to cramp the natural instincts, that it was hostile to beauty and *volupté*.

All this side of Anatole France was to be brought out by the Dreyfus case. The condemnation of Dreyfus, which stirred up the French in 1895 when Anatole France was fifty, was not a genuine social crisis like the Commune, which called the whole structure of society in question. It was a conflict merely between, on the one hand, the liberal bourgeoisie, and, on the other, the royalists, the army and the Church. Anatole France, by himself rather timid and lazy, had at that time a Jewish friend, Mme. Caillavet, who made him work, gave him a salon at her house and generally promoted his advancement; and she probably had a good deal to do with his active championship of Dreyfus, which contributed to bring about the retrial and pardon of 1899. Besides, the righting of injustice, the baiting of the forces of reaction, had by Rabelais and Voltaire been made a part of the French literary tradition, which France prided himself on representing. He made speeches, pamphleteered, turned for the moment into a satirist of the type of Bernard Shaw. The immensely amusing "Contemporary History," with its smiling but deadly analysis of the upper strata of French society, is the product of the Dreyfus period. At the beginning of "The Elm Tree on the Mall," as if as a keystone and justification of the work, France, evidently remembering his father, plants an intelligent cobbler's son. Piédagnel, the brilliant child of humble parents, has aroused the sympathetic interest of the Abbé at the head of the seminary where Piédagnel is studying for the priesthood. But the boy is weak in doctrine; he is found to have been copying down erotic poems by Verlaine and Leconte de Lisle. The Abbé begins to be afraid that he may be rearing another Renan, and, though reluctantly, he dismisses the boy just at the moment when the ritual of the Church is beginning esthetically to move him. Piédagnel, with no aptitude for a manual trade, is sent back to the cobbler's shop; the Church has abruptly closed to him the hopes which it had been encouraging, it is suppressing the same gifts which it has stimulated. But Piédagnel goes out with a passion in his heart which, France tells us, is to fill his whole life: the "hatred of the priest."

This incident told with the French brevity and coolness of which Anatole France was a master, with the art which does not allow us to feel the full force of what we have been reading till we have finished the last line, is one of the most effective things of the kind that Anatole France ever wrote. Yet we are somewhat surprised as we go on to discover that it is to have no sequel. From reading these first chapters we might have supposed that Piédagnel was to figure as the hero; but the cobbler's son never reappears. The character who turns into the hero is M. Bergeret, a less sentimentalized and more ironic Sylvestre Bonnard. M. Bergeret is a humble professor of Latin, who has been compelled by the science department to hold his classes in a depressing basement (belles lettres by Anatole France's time are losing the faith in and alliance with science which they had for Renan and Taine). Later, Bergeret takes a stand on Dreyfus, attracts a certain amount of public attention, goes to Paris and gets a better post. What France has done is to telescope in Piédagnel his own situation with his father's—the shoemaker's grandson with the shoemaker's son; and then allow M. Bergeret, who corresponds to the mature France with the Collège Stanislas well behind him, to substitute himself for Piédagnel. A whole set of steps in the social ladder has been jumped between Bergeret in Paris and Piédagnel in his provincial town. And thereafter Anatole France himself is to be Bergeret successful.

For the little bourgeois of the Quai Voltaire is by way of being a big bourgeois now. His books sell in never ending editions; they are on sale at every railway station in France. He gets rich; he can buy all the pictures and books, all the fine furniture and bric-à-brac, he pleases. In the salon of Mme. Caillavet, he is the most sought-after literary figure in Paris. He loses his awkward manners and his stammer and becomes an entrancing salon talker. Then he takes a large house of his own, begins to detach himself from Mme. Caillavet, finally breaks with her altogether.

This lady, it is true, must have been trying; it is

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not surprising that France, in the long run, should have felt a desperate need to escape her. With her feverish merciless possessive affection, she had been attempting to control all his writing, to check up on all his movements. Yet during the period when her influence over him is dominant—say, from "The Red Lily" to "Crainquebille,"—he appears as a much more clear-cut and a more sympathetic figure than either before or after. The challenge of political opposition arouses his more generous emotions and puts him on his mettle; his ideas seem to hang together better. And Mme. Caillavet was certainly right in trying to get him away from his eternal historical pastiches to write novels of contemporary life.

For France was preoccupied with history; he wrote a whole series of novels and short stories—they make, indeed, the bulk of his writing—which attempt to catch the essence of various periods from Homer's Greece to Napoleon III's Paris. Even his studies of contemporary France he labels "Contemporary History." But how far away now, in a few decades, Michelet's vision of history seems when we look back from that of Anatole France! It is characteristic of France that he should, as I have said, aim merely to catch the essence of a period. He has already become one of the great practitioners of a cult which is later to be carried further: the cultivation of intelligence for its own sake. Let us understand phenomena and appreciate them: it gives pleasure and it is a mark of superiority to be able to see how things work and how an infinite variety of things are good in an infinite variety of kinds. But there we may leave them; we need not attempt to systematize them or to draw conclusions on which we may act. France has not yet come quite so far as this. He does, as we shall see, sometimes try to build systems and he occasionally makes gestures of public action. But he no longer has anything like Michelet's exalted and unfading vision of the combat of liberty with fatality, man with nature, spirit with matter, which had been so plain in the dawn of the century. It becomes a favorite game of France's irony to show, with something not unlike complacency, how freedom, spirit and man are defeated. Homer's song of the evils that flowed from the wrath of Achilles is broken up by the quarreling of cowherds; Jeanne d'Arc, preaching war, finds a following and becomes a national heroine where a similarly hallucinated young woman who has been inspired to preach peace and Christian love is promptly picked off by an arrow. Yet there is no general coherence to the picture. In "The Procurator of Judea," France takes a cue from Renan. Renan, in telling about Paul before Gallio, had pointed out the irony of the incident: to Gallio, the man in authority. the cultivated Roman, Paul had been an unprepossessing nobody; yet the civilization represented by Gallio was doomed. It was Paul who represented the future. In "The Procurator of Judea," Pilate has forgotten Christ. But later on France tries it the other way: in "On the White Stone," he demonstrates that in the long run the future was really to belong to Gallio, since it was to be the kind of civilization imagined by enlightened Romans which was ultimately to prevail when Christianity had come and gone. Yet France wrote pretty travesties of saints' legends whose shades of ironic tenderness Voltaire would never have understood. And the affair of Thaïs and Paphnuce is a drama where we sympathize equally with the courtesan and the saint. Sometimes he amused himself with pure exercises of the historic imagination, such as the story of Caesar's conquests from the point of view of one of the Gallic chieftains whom the Romans are reducing to subjection. It is the miscellaneous learning of the bookstore, unorganized by any large purpose, the undisciplined undirected curiosity of the indolent lover of books.

And when we come to the period of the Revolution, to which Anatole France devoted one of the most ambitious of his later books, we find him attacking the subject from an angle which the France of "Contemporary History" would never have led us to expect. "The Gods Are Thirsty" is a story of the Terror, and Anatole France opposes in it a harsh and puritanical petty Robespierre to a charming and epicurean formerly well-to-do Farmer-General—that is, the Revolution at its ugliest to the old regime at its most attractive. France had written in his youth of Louis XIV: "That grotesque and hateful being whom Michelet, with his eye of genius, has seen in all his baseness and all his misery, has no longer any right to foolish indulgence"; yet, though he thinks better of Louis XIV now, he would never even now choose an aristocrat for a hero. What he does do is take a cultivated bourgeois who has got rich under the old regime and enjoyed the best of the old society, and give him all the moral advantage. The Jacobin Gamelin becomes more and more intolerant and fanatical and finally sends the gentle Brotteaux to the ax. Brotteaux is a later version of Bergeret; but a Bergeret—see the episode with the prostitute—toward whom France seems now to be relapsing into a mood of sentimentality reminiscent of Sylvestre Bonnard.

And who is Gamelin, after all, but our old friend Paphnuce, grown conspicuously less sympathetic? The comfortable bourgeois is getting the better of it. Brotteaux had been deprived of his fine house, his agreeable social life; but he had borne it with a classical fortitude and read Lucretius on the way to execution. Anatole France still has all his luxuries, and we feel that he would be unwilling to give them up. But in the enjoyment of them he is not precisely happy. It has become the fashion to disparage France as a writer; but that is partly because people expect to find in him things which he cannot supply, even though he may sometimes attempt to do so—and not for the things which are actually there. For Anatole France does not represent merely a dimming of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment as Taine and Renan do; he

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shows that tradition in full disintegration; and what he is telling, with all his art and wit, is the story of an intellectual world where principles are going to pieces. The moralist in Anatole France, the Paphnuce, the Gamelin, is always in conflict with the sensualist, the great preacher of *volupté* as the sole solace for human futility; and the moralist becomes more and more odious as the sensualist becomes more and more sterile. The child of the Revolution is in conflict with the highly successful bourgeois. The same writer who prefixed to his political papers the slogan that, "Slowly, but surely, humanity realizes the dreams of the wise," had stated his creed, in his controversy over literary criticism with the positive Brunetière, as a belief "at least in the succession of phenomena and the relativity of things." If, in the case of Renan, the ground under the philosopher's feet has gradually fallen away, leaving his morality suspended in the void, Anatole France, in trying to stick to the earth, finds it shifting and cracking beneath him.

In his political role, France is a socialist; yet the whole purpose of two of his later books, "The Gods Are Thirsty" and "The Revolt of the Angels," is to show that revolutions eventually result in tyrannies as oppressive as those they have displaced. And when he undertakes, in "Penguin Island," to write a sort of outline of history, he has modern industrial civilization blasted off the face of the earth by embittered proletarian anarchists. But no freer and more reasonable order succeeds: the rebels are wiped out with their masters, and such men as are left on earth return to their original condition as tillers of the soil. We are back with the cycles of Vico again and might as well not have got rid of God. "Penguin Island" is presented as a satire, to be sure; but we know from France's other work that this kind of idea haunted his mind. He had moods when his hopes of humanity's capacity for realizing the dreams of the wise were dampened by the nightmares of science, which was no longer for France, as I have said, the school of discipline, the source of strength, which it had been for Taine or Renan or Zola. Taine is a relentless determinist who derives from his mechanistic conception a solid method and a formal force of logic, but whose esthetic and moral values are really very little affected by his materialistic principles. Anatole France is a professed reformer and optimist who is always relapsing into cynicism or gloom, and giving way to the worst suspicions of the mechanistic character of life and the total insignificance of humanity. He reads the astronomical articles in Larousse and makes great play with the conception of mankind alone in the awful empty universe, a mere disease on the face of the earth—a vision which has seemed terrible with Pascal, still tragic in Leopardi, still productive of noble-sounding verses in the poetry of Alfred de Vigny, a little overdone and ridiculous in the novels of Thomas Hardy, and which has come down in Anatole France, with his dressing-gown, his slippers and his Larousse, to the level of entertaining conversation.

Mr. Haakon M. Chevalier has shown in his study of Anatole France how both his irony and his inability to construct a book on a large scale were due to the disintegration of his intellectual character: France's mockery works both ways because he is unable to reconcile in himself several quite different points of view and he can never hold to any system long enough to base a full-length piece of work upon it. More than Voltaire, Anatole France comes to deserve the accusation of being a "chaos of clear ideas." The books of France's later years were more solid and more ambitious than anything he had done before; but they have the same lack of organic coherence. What do we find in them?—glowing hopes undermined by frightful sinkings, erotic imagination mixed with impulses of social protest, and—becoming more and more pronounced as he grows older—a nihilism black and hateful. France gets a certain intensity here, the intensity of a man actually tortured by his inability to carry through any one of a number of contradictory emotions. For the first time his ridicule becomes truly ferocious. His sense of isolation deepens. He insists before Proust on that aloneness in love, that imprisoning impossibility of sharing one's emotions with another, which Proust is to take for his central theme and which he is to develop so inordinately. In both "The Red Lily" and "A Mummer's Tale" ("Histoire Comique"), with which the pathological early story "Jocaste" associates itself, the typical romantic situation of love rendered hopeless by barriers of marital duty, social convention or consanguinity has already turned into the situation of love rendered hopeless by neurotic obsession and inhibition. Michelet, too, had been an only child; Michelet, too, had suffered from social maladjustment; but he derived from the Revolution just behind him a sense of solidarity with others engaged in a great human undertaking and through his history he succeeded in making himself a part of a human world of which he believed in the importance and the destiny. With France, the abysses of doubt and despair are always yawning under the tightropes and trapezes of the highly developed intelligence, and to perform on them becomes more and more ticklish.

In the meantime, during the period of the Dreyfus case, France sends back his Legion of Honor ribbon when the Legion strikes Zola off its rolls. He stays away from the seances of the Academy; but goes back to it, on entreaty, in his old age. He makes speeches before working-class audiences at the time of the 1905 revolution in Russia. He supports the war of 1914, offers himself at seventy for military service; then, hearing of the rejection by the Allies of the peace proposals of the Central Powers, declines to write for any more patriotic causes. "Yes," he told Marcel LeGoff, "I've written and talked like my concierge. I'm ashamed of it, but it had to be done." He would not protest,

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however, even in the War's later stages. He was frightened: his old friend Caillaux had been sent to jail by Clemenceau, his old ally of the Dreyfus case, and Clemenceau had threatened to do the same thing to France if he opened his mouth to criticize the government. Surrounded by parasites and female admirers and a veritable museum of *objets d'art,* he would receive and talk with radicals, whom he called "Comrade." Brousson records that, on one occasion, when asked why he was "drawn toward socialism," France had replied, "Better to be drawn than driven." To another caller, we are told by LeGoff, he said in answer to a question about the future: "The future? But, my poor friend, there is no future—there is nothing. Everything will begin the same again—people will build things and tear them down and so on forever. So long as men can't get outside themselves or free themselves from their passions, nothing will ever change. There will be some periods which will be more peaceful and others which will be more disturbed; men will go on killing each other and then go back to their affairs again." He sees too many people and is too polite and too malicious to all of them. Voltaire, we feel, was very fortunate in having an object which required all his malice. In Anatole France's day, after the flurry of the Dreyfus case, the Church no longer seems sufficiently formidable for the satirist to do very much more than tease it with ribald versions of sacred stories. He continues to preach the consolations of an easygoing epicureanism; but "if you could read in my soul," he once told Brousson, "you would be horrified." "He took my hands in his, feverish and trembling. He looked in my eyes, and I saw that his own were full of tears. His face was all ravaged. 'There is not,' he sighed, 'an unhappier creature in the whole universe than I! People think me happy. I have never been happy —not an hour—not a day!' "

And the nihilism, the bitter outbursts, begin to make the naïveté, which had once seemed so droll and so delightful, sound off-key and insincere. Anatole France had an infantile side which we get to like less and less; and it is bound up with an attempt to get back to the more innocent ages of the language. The tendency toward archaizing which made him, in one of the Bergeret books, satirize contemporary politics in the language of Rabelais, and in the books about the Abbé Coignard deliver criticisms of contemporary institutions in the accents of the eighteenth century, which caused him to lard even his own personal utterances with obsolete locutions and phrases, represented a genuine weakness. Now in his old age he takes refuge from the War and the death of the daughter who had become estranged from him with his divorce from his wife, in returning to a vein of childhood memories—the vein of "My Friend's Book" and "Pierre Nozière"—in which he at one time had been charming. But now, in spite of some fine passages such as the address to Racine, admirable exercises in that traditional French which, following Renan, he was to declare in these last years had only been debased since the eighteenth century and to his labors over which the series of drafts of the book left unfinished at death bear such impressive testimony—in spite of this, "Little Peter" and "Life in Bloom" seem self-conscious where their predecessors were fresh and spontaneous. How much that is distressing he must be omitting —how much that is harsh, smoothing out! The smiling felicity of the art which has ripened in the sun of the nineteenth century can no longer, with the beginning of the twentieth, neutralize the taste of dust and ashes. And it is a long way from the France of Zorn's etching, leaning toward us over his table with his engaging ironic dark wide eyes and his moustache and pointed beard of the Second Empire, to the old man of Van Dongen's painting, which France himself detested and of which he correctly said that it made him look like a Camembert that was running.

And now, after the flattery and rewards of a lifetime, the younger generation is to reject him. His own conception of "the succession of phenomena and the relativity of things" was to be carried by the Symbolists and their successors to a point where it was to become, on the one hand, unintelligible to Anatole France and, where, on the other hand, France's interest in politics, the flickerings of his social conscience, appeared ridiculous and futile to them. With the Symbolists, the conviction of social isolation had reached a point where they had not even the illusion of being disillusioned about society. When France died, his place at the Academy was filled by an eminent Symbolist, who used the occasion to disparage France; and the group of ultra-Symbolists, the Dadaists, together with some neo-romantic young writers, seized upon the day of his burial to bring out, under the title "A Corpse," a fierce manifesto against him. "Without God, without touching love!" wrote Pierre Drieu de la Rochelle, "without insupportable despair, without magnificent anger, without definitive defeats, without conclusive triumphs!" And: "That skeptic, that amiable skeptic," protested Joseph Delteil, "leaves me cold. It is for passion that I become impassioned. It is optimism, faith, ardor and blood which arouse me!" They accuse him of compromise, of cowardice, of traditionalism, of patriotism, of realism, of betraying the Revolution.

Having reached the extreme stage of relativism, where it goes in for automatic writing and makes a duty of irresponsibility, a morality of moral anarchism, they completed the circuit of the varying relation of the individual as writer to society and came around to a point further back than that at which we first took up Michelet: they found that their necessary next progression took them out of the doctrine of relativity, which they had carried as far as was possible, and into beginning again with a creed and a code, fixed principles, a plan

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of action. Among the great Symbolist prototypes of the Dadaists, Rimbaud had fought for the Commune and Lautréamont was supposed to have agitated and to have been murdered by Napoleon III's police. In the "Second Surrealist Manifesto" of André Breton the names of Rimbaud and Lautréamont turn up strangely beside those of Marx and Lenin. The next step from Dadaism was Communism; and one or two of the ex-Dadaists, at any rate, have been serious enough to submit themselves to the discipline of the Communist Party and to lend themselves to its revolutionary program.

But, having followed the tradition of the bourgeois revolution to its disintegration in Anatole France, we must go back and trace the inverse development of socialism.

EDMUND WILSON.

This is the sixth and last instalment of the first section of Mr. Wilson's long essay on the writing and acting of history. The second section will appear during the winter.—THE EDITORS.

The Grand Old Pushover

THIS PICTURE might have been entitled, "How to torture your editor." J. Tompkins Riland, publisher of The Woppingtonian, walked into Elmer Durkin's news store out of the October twilight and was pestered with embarrassing questions.

"What ever became of that outfit you always bummed around with, J. T.?" Elmer wanted to know. "The Republican Party was the name it went under and it used to take quite an interest in public affairs. Where was the last place the victim was seen alive, if any?"

The journalist said he had come in to get some tobacco, not to satisfy Elmer's morbid curiosity. He filled his pipe and remarked:

"How short the days are growing!"

"So you won't talk, eh?"

The old friends settled down by the stove and Elmer said that this was a pretty kettle of fish.

"In less than a month we've got to go and buy us a new set of Congressmen and a flock of other help. In spite of dirty cracks to the contrary we've still got the right to vote "nein" on Führer Roosevelt and slap the brakes on the New Deal. This bird has pulled a lot of boners and exposed his chin from seventeen points of the compass. The results have been way below the advance dope and plenty of dogs have been stepped on. By all the rules of this racket the G.O.P.'s are entitled to a whale of a grouch vote this fall, but what are they doing to collect? In round numbers, zero. What's the use of an opposition that has lost its opp?"

"The campaign," Mr. Riland admitted, "is not going well. The issues are not clearly defined."

"It started off so well too," Elmer chuckled. "When Uncle Hank Fletcher cracked open the season it was set to be a fight on the New Deal all along the line. The boys were hopped up to take the Democrats for sixty seats in the House of Reprehensibles and some odds and ends of Senators. Maybe some of the local laddies were jittery because it cramps a man's style to go out and lambaste the policies he voted for himself, but these little things didn't bother Henry. He hadn't been around much lately and he was not quite jerry to the facts of life.

"So they shipped all the heavy artillery to Maine and shot the entire works. The Constitution was going down for the count, they told those Down-Easters, and these guys in Washington were booting away all the liberties we had snagged since Valley Forge. They even warbled those Redtime stories Doc Wirt heard when he et out. Well, the army oozed back from Maine sweating frost and with their shoes all full of snow. The opening battle had been a complete flop.

"Meanwhile Hoover had come back into the picture with a gloomy piece about regimentation. The customers greeted this call to arms with three rousing snores. So they tenderly wrapped a bay leaf around Herbert and stuck him back on the shelf.

"Since then the canny candidates keep their ear to the ground and let their conscience be their guide. Here in the East they squawk a little about the baloney dollar, but out in the g.o. spaces they keep their traps shut on that and ride the N.R.A. The cornbelt Republicans pull their punches on the A.A.A. because it brings the farmers a lot of nourishment, so they beef about how Roosevelt hires college professors instead of lawyers to run the works. Nobody knows what the shooting is about. As near as I can dope it, the Statue of Liberty is running against Santa Claus and old Libby is due for a trimming.

"The fact is that F. D. still packs a wicked punch. Maybe he has slipped a little, but he still listens like the business end of a buzz saw. Those fireside chats of his draw more fan mail than a crooner and it melts down to about 95 percent "Attaboys." Some people may shoot the schmoose about the sacred rights of property, but this bird lends the owner a jag of jack to shingle the henhouse roof. Millions of faces are being fed at the public trough. Like Farley says, folks are just as hungry before election as any other time and if they want to remember who issued the corned-beef hash it's okay by Jim.

"Of course this congressional campaign is just a prelim for two years hence. It's supposed to define the issues and bring out the white hopes. By this time a bunch that was going places would have a couple of heavyweights with coast to coast reputations all readied up for 1936 and rarin' to go. So what names are they picking out of the hat? Don't tell me, let me guess. Ogden Mills, Jim Wadsworth." Elmer snickered. "It got so bad here a little while back that they even mentioned Snell. Can you see Bertrand as America's sweetheart?"

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"Just the same," said the editor, "Mills is a very able citizen."

"Listen, J. T. If Roosevelt pulls us out of this mess he can win under wraps. But suppose the New Deal is a complete bust. How's chances the grumpy toilers would flop for a New York millionaire and a Hoover cabineteeer? Picture this Mills baby pushing doorbells and trying to peddle his line to a discontented hick of a jobless workingman. All he'd hear is, "Git along, little Oggie, git along.'

"You molders of public opinion better be scouting the bushes for some new talent. These hangovers from the ice age won't panic the populace."

"I wonder what party Dizzy and Daffy Dean belong to," sneered the bitter editor. "They can't be any worse than Huey Long and Bilbo and Upton Sinclair."

"Still changing the subject," said Elmer admiringly. "It's a gift!" FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

The Recrudescence of Moley—Reassuring Big Business in a Big Way—A Squawk from the Progressives

THE TALK in political and journalistic circles here in Washington, some of which finds its way into print, is that the influence of Tugwell and the more earnest liberals in the administration recently has diminished, so far as the President is concerned, in exactly the proportion that Moley's influence has reasserted itself. There seems no justification, so far as I can ascertain, for feeling that Mr. Roosevelt's esteem for Tugwell has in the least degree lessened, or that he has in any way changed his own general attitude or outlook on public affairs.

Efforts upon the part of a certain element here to make it appear that Tugwell's trip to Europe is in any way indicative of the sidetracking of the forceful young Undersecretary of Agriculture, who has served so well as a target for the reactionary press, are without foundation and, I think, without effect. Nevertheless, it undoubtedly is true that Mr. Moley has today a closer and more confidential relation with the President than he did when he was officially a part of the administration. In 1933, before he went to London and was domiciled at the State Department, Mr. Moley was a daily White House visitor and in the confidence of Mr. Roosevelt on every subject. He lives, today, in New York, but is in just as constant communication. The difference is that these days his White House overnight visits and his daily White House telephone talks do not get in the papers so regularly. There is every reason to believe, however, that they are even more effective so far as policies are concerned.

The point of all this is to present an explanation of the current feeling, here and elsewhere, that the President is swinging more toward the right than before and that Mr. Moley is largely responsible for this. Certainly, Mr. Moley is not a liberal in the same sense or degree as the Tugwell group of administration planners. I am informed that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Moley considers himself a conservative and has said so upon numerous occasions. Certainly, his New York contacts and intimates are of the strongly conservative, big-business type, and I think it is true that the recent dinner given by a small group of them was for the purpose of permitting Mr. Moley to reassure important factors in the business world of the really "sound and conservative" administration purposes, and to receive from the aforesaid factors their views on the problems with which Mr. Roosevelt is now wrestling.

There is no doubt at all that confidential efforts are being made to effect a "mutually better understanding" between business and the administration, and that Mr. Moley, with the acquiescence and approval of the President, is more or less the center of these efforts. How much will come out of this attempt neither side knows, and the White House is definitely desirous of avoiding premature commitments and publicity. Supplementing Moley's luncheons and dinners, the President himself met, without publicity, various big-business leaders at Hyde Park, and has met more of them in Washington within the past two or three weeks. Also, he has talked on the telephone with several others. The net of all this is that a very definite personal and unpublicized effort is being made to reassure business about the administration's purposes, policies and propects. Everything will be done, short of reversing a policy or dropping an experiment, to convince business that it need not be alarmed.

The causes for this more or less furtive movement are somewhat obvious. One is that the Treasury is on the point of more rather extensive financing, and young Mr. Morgenthau is slightly apprehensive. The last government offering went off all right, but it did not meet with a sufficiently spontaneous response to kindle any particular enthusiasm in the secretarial breast. On the contrary, it rather worried the entire Treasury outfit, so far as I can learn, with the single exception of Under-secretary Eccles, who is perhaps the least timid Treasury official about Wall Street and the New York banks of whom there is a record. Another cause for Roosevelt's gestures is understood to be the approaching election, though why there should be any concern in the administration on that score is difficult to understand. Actually, the Republicans have stopped making claims and concede that the House New Deal majority will be practically the same and the Senate Democrats are apt to be increased. The fact is that the astute and guileful Farley fully anticipates a two-thirds Democratic Senate majority in the next session. To achieve this the Democrats only have to gain four seats.

Speaking of Mr. Farley, who somewhat brazenly still holds on to his dual political chairmanships along with his Cabinet post, there is an increasingly acrimonious feeling among progressives toward this gentleman. It may mean some trouble for Mr. Roosevelt in the next session and certainly has diluted the devotion of some of his earliest and warmest friends. The progressives claim that the helpful attitude taken by Mr. Roosevelt regarding their precinct campaigns for reëlection to the House, the Senate and gubernatorial chairs is completely nullified by the way in which Mr. Farley is promoting the candidacies of Democrats against them. They are, it is no violation of confidence to say, considerably irked by the facts, and have a fairly strong feeling that Farley's activities should be cur-

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tailed. Moreover, they think failure to curtail them is indicative of a lack of sincerity in the public and private protestations of affection and trust which the President has from time to time lavished upon them.

I will not be surprised if after the election some of these progressive Senators express themselves with considerable emphasis upon the subject of Mr. Farley. In fact, I rather anticipate that in the next session of the Senate the movement to force him to resign either his chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee or the Postmaster Generalship will be led by progressive Senators who have been among the most ardent and sincere Roosevelt supporters. I think this is likely to happen regardless of the outcome of the election in the states where Farley's activities have been most pronounced and irritating. A very strong case can be made out against Mr. Farley as a pernicious politician whenever the right men think it worth while to go about making it.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Not Raising Hogs Pays—The Securities Commission Has Problems—A Central Bank for Inflation?

THE FARMERS are voting to continue the hog-corn program. The program may be a good one, but the farmers' vote to continue it is a good deal like taking a vote among people on the relief roll about whether they favor continuing relief payments. However, since the payments are apparently to be continued, I cannot refrain from printing the following letter, which reveals a brand-new field of endeavor to ambitious young men seeking an outlet for their talents. I am indebted for it to The Boot and Shoe Recorder, which got it from one of its readers. It has been quoted around Wall Street for nearly a month but it's still a good yarn:

> Mr. B—— at Northampton has a friend who received a government check for $1,000 this year for not raising hogs. So B—— now proposes to get a farm and go into the business of not raising hogs; says in fact not raising hogs appeals to him very strongly. Of course he will need a hired man and that is where I come in. I write you as to your opinion of the best kind of farm not to raise hogs on, the best strain of hogs not to raise, and how best to keep an inventory of the hogs you are not raising. Also, do you think capital could be provided by the issuance of a non-hog-raising gold bond? His friend who got the $1,000 got it for not raising 500 hogs; now we figure we might easily not raise 1,500 or even 2,000 hogs, so you see the possible profits are only limited by the number of hogs we do not raise. P. S.—His friend who received the $1,000 check has been hog-raising for forty years and the most he ever made was $400 a year. Kind of pathetic to think he wasted his life raising hogs, when not raising them would have been so much more profitable.

I have been in Washington browsing about among the very much bewildered legions of the New Deal. The thing that impressed me most is the completeness with which the Johnson legend has exploded. Everybody and his brother now can tell you what a dismal failure Johnson was. And all the people, including Mr. Donald Richberg, who were loudly singing the praises of the N.R.A., its price-fixing, its production control, its great deeds for labor, are now busy alibiing themselves. N.R.A. has suddenly turned from ballyhoo to alibi. The internal machine itself is disintegrating so fast that its turn-in value will very soon be almost nothing.

Among the gentlemen who may be said to guard the right wing of the Treasury Department, the atmosphere is extremely obscured with a sort of blue fog. There is a decided feeling that management of Treasury financing has not been excessively adroit. There is the continual clash between a natural affection for orthodox ways of business, respect for the opinions of the old guard on one side, and the imperious need of the hour for doing things with the currency that the old guard abominates. Slowly the rights and the lefts in the Treasury Department draw further apart. The moment when one side or the other must dominate draws near. The rights have, at the moment, a crushing handicap. They are profoundly blue. What the happy soul in the White House needs is buoyancy, men who believe that all is well. The lefts, who are usually supposed to be pessimists, are almost always incurable optimists. They are the ones who think there is something to be done about things. The lefts cherish this beautiful illusion. The man in the White House, therefore, may in the end turn to the optimists who think something can be done. He will take over their optimism and one-half their plan or maybe only a quarter of it, paint it red on one side and blue on the other and sell it to the country in a fireside talk. My advice to the rights is to perk up; to seem to be cheerful even if they are not really so.

The Securities and Exchange Commission is up to its ears in the job of organizing and dealing with the innumerable problems confronting it. It is whipping into shape the departments that for the first time will begin an intelligent study of many problems in finance that hitherto have defied investigation. The Commission is one of the busiest places in Washington and presently will be even busier. At the moment the Commission is wrestling with the subject of the specialist, the floor trader and short selling. It has promulgated no ruling on these subjects as yet, though it has heard all the representatives of various exchanges on the subject. The New York Exchange itself is sitting around ready to predict the end of the world if these favored persons on the Exchange are interfered with. Remember they have ruled the Exchange in the past. If the Commission drives these gamblers from the floor there will be a terrible howl. Everything that happens in the depression after that will be said to be the result of stopping a few hundred specialists from speculating. I think the Commission can rest assured that the people of this country do not believe anything the Stock Exchange says even when it is telling the truth. Also that they will never swallow the preposterous yarn that our economic civilization hangs upon the right of these speculators to play their little game.

Over in the Interior Department, where I always like to go because I always feel that it is closer to the com-

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plexion of a new deal than most others, I was given a peep at the housing plans of the Department. Secretary Ickes has made up his mind, quite properly, that limited-dividend corporations as agencies of new housing for the poor are a frail reed to lean on. He now proposes to have the government's housing corporation build its own houses. He has about $125,000,000 for that purpose. I trust that the administration may find the heart to give him a billion. That would be enough to make a start.

I was able to confirm the suspicions expressed here some weeks ago that the agitation for a central bank to replace the Federal Reserve System, to be owned and controlled by the government, springs less from a desire for a more efficient central bank than from the need to create a mechanism for inflating the currency without seeming to do it. The Treasury can print Treasury notes now. But that would be an obvious resort to the printing press. By setting up a central bank, controlled by the Treasury, the government could issue its bonds to the bank at a nominal interest rate, the bank could pay for them with Federal Reserve currency, which needs only a 40-percent gold backing, and the operation would be very largely concealed under the appearance of orthodox mechanisms. In substance this is what can be done through the present Reserve System; the essential difference would be that under the central-bank scheme the whole operation would be in the control of the Treasury instead of the banks. Perhaps this is a wise thing to do. I do not discuss that phase of it at all here. I merely state the present plan advocated by many. Also I was informed, how reliably I do not know, that Dr. Viner's committee in the Treasury, which has been studying the central-bank idea, has reported in favor of some form of central bank that can be used as an instrument of Treasury policy. JOHN T. FLYNN.

Stars and Garters

OCCASIONALLY the question comes up, in connection with the art of the screen, whether much attention should be paid to its actors. There is of course no doubt on this score in the fan magazines or the daily press. There is not really cause for much doubt anyway. But because of the peculiar thoroughness of publicity in this country (where surely more people could be found with a knowledge of the likes and dislikes of Mr. Gary Cooper than with the simplest idea of the main precepts of, say, Jesus Christ), there are those who get so sick of drinking Cary Gooper with their morning coffee that they will turn about and say, If you're going to chat about the stars, you're no kind of critic and to hell with you.

In their reaction against the nationwide puffing of Hollywood favorites these stern friends certainly have a case: it is an awful thing not to be able to go into a theatre without the fear that it may be Fredric March again. But in denying the part that a cast plays in any given film, they are merely being silly. Because the most immediate and touching thing about any fiction is the sense of character it manages to build up and because, in the movies, the combination of actor and director is the final means of giving expression to this. Such a sense of real people is not written into the average script; it is never conjured out of a camera. It may be aided or marred by cutting, title writing, technical manipulation one way or another. But in the end it comes across to us from the people whose illusory life is taking place on the screen. A film story without people is like a novel without character, music without a sound. And all you need for proof is a criticism of "The Belle of the Nineties" without mention of Mae West.

Miss West, as a matter of fact, makes her own personality such a focus for a whole picture that its merits become to some extent its defects as well. Her latest film has very few good things outside her, its story is poor, it comes to nothing. Miss West, who is credited with having written it, evidently felt that there was no need of its coming to anything, so long as it gave her a setting, which it does. It is about how the Belle fell out with her slugger and fell in with the bad man of old New Orleans. Plots, double-crossings and revenge, with Mae West sailing along, as tall and handsome as a ship, serene, full-rigged, setting off broadsides of wisecracks with fine timing and authority. She blows them all down. She sings a song about Her Old Flame and what an experience *he* was (she can't quite remember his name), and the treatment she and Duke Ellington's band (fine accompanists) give the "St. Louis Blues" is the strongest and most appropriate I've heard. As always, she shows a fine grasp of the American idiom and some sense of tradition: her film has some delightful flashes of hoofers in checkerboard suits and a Floradora chorus that would average at least 187 pounds. She has all these things and a great deal more that can't be described: charm, a fine sense of what will be appropriate to her. She not only gives more and better publicity to the chief erogenous zones than any five Godwin authors: she has moments in this picture of clear loveliness. She has the most honest and outrageous and lovable vulgarity that ever was seen on the screen (where, incidentally, she is not the archetype of American womanhood on the make, or the archetype of anything else but Mae West), and enough other qualities so that she can get by with it. They made her change this picture all around, but they have probably found since that if you want to censor Mae West, you have got to lock her in a plaster cast.

But in Mae West we have the case of a performer who is her own manager, knows what is her own good and how to bring it out. Not everyone in the business is so fortunate, and so we have a whole hinterland of people whom a story or a bad director can make foolish, who are cast in lead roles regardless of their aptitudes. They are made over into someone's idea of what would be a money-making type, perhaps, or tweezed and painted until they have the superficial resemblance of some type that has already proved to be a money-maker.

You could take for one fairly good example Anna Sten, who certainly did not build her Continental reputation on the empty creampuff sort of thing she was made to appear in "Nana." Now, in "We Live Again," she is actually brought back to life as a person—partly by casting, no doubt: she still seems incompetent in the higher ranges of acting, but she is a good healthy peasant type, and capable of the reactions you might expect. The story of the picture has revolutionary implications, but all in a remote sort

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of way: the best parts of it as pure film are the prison scenes and Easter services at the church, where there is a great deal of movement and atmosphere. Miss Sten, a servant in old Russia, is betrayed by her young master, leaves the estate, and goes from bad to worse in Moscow, while the boy forgets his early humanitarianism and becomes a hardshell Cossack. The girl, deported on a quibble, eventually brings him to a realization, first that he has wronged her and, through this, that he and his class have been wronging her class all along, and that this is not right. So the picture closes on the renunciation of his birthright and his going with her to Siberia: musical chords, an obvious-looking boundary marker, a mellow and happy defeat.

"The Count of Monte Cristo," to continue on the subject of whether the stars make the picture or the picture breaks the stars, is the sort of thing that represents partial victory for both sides. It is the old Dumas story of how Edmond Dantes was buried alive in a dungeon through malice, and how his revenge was slow but complete—an action story, that is, but given a meaning by the purpose and fortitude of its principal character. Robert Donat is an appropriate and solid choice but no great histrionic shakes in the part, which returns the compliment by carrying him along skillfully from climax to climax, but letting him down at the end, where a great deal of unexplained veering about confuses the main issue and detracts from it. The picture would have been much stronger if both the story and the whole company had been better: as it is, I cannot think of faults without remembering that while the thing was going forward I was sitting up in my seat hoping for him to soak them plenty. OTIS FERGUSON.

A COMMUNICATION

The Degradation of the Scientists

SIR: A record low in the moral debasement of American men of science was reached in the recent radio addresses of Professor Robert Millikan and Arthur Compton, attacking government interference with business as an injury to the sacred cause of science. The most charitable explanation of these addresses is that they were delivered as a result of pressure from big-business interests, which are demanding that the scientific fraternity give them a *quid pro quo* or they will stop subsidizing scientific research. Professor Compton practically confirms this explanation when he tells us that government "regimentation" of business "might operate to destroy the profits of individual initiative from which has come the bulk of the funds to finance American educational institutions and scientific foundations. . . . If large financial rewards of business enterprise are made impossible through legislation or otherwise, it will follow as the night the day that scientific advances will be greatly curtailed through lack of financial support." The inference is plain that unless the government allows economic privilege to continue its exploitation of the public, it will retaliate by paralyzing scientific research; big business, moreover, picks upon the scientists to carry this ultimatum to the public.

One might be inclined to sympathize with the plight of the American scientists, who are thus held as hostages to protect the rapacity of capital, but one cannot forget that it is their lack of moral backbone that has put them in this position. They might have appealed over the heads of capital to the people and the government. But instead Professor Compton chooses to deny the efficacy of government support of scientific research, and, in words which recall the bootlicking of Hitler by German science, blesses our capitalist robber barons as "kindred spirits" to the men of science. The passage has to be read to be believed: "By far the larger part of the fundamental scientific work now being done in this country is financed directly or indirectly by men whose own imagination and enterprise have brought them wealth and who have seen in science the work of kindred spirits aimed toward the enrichment of life." Just think of putting the buccaneer John D. Rockefeller, who violated every law of fair play to build up his oil empire, on a par with Galileo; or the Carnegies and Mellons and the usurious Russell Sages on a par with Faraday, Maxwell and Einstein!

Under such circumstances one need not waste any personal sympathy on the great Millikan over the ludicrous exhibition of intellectual ignorance and moral obtuseness which is offered in every speech he makes. The winner of the Nobel Prize for the oil-drop method of measuring the charge on the electron decided some time ago to turn economist and refute the charge that scientific technology under capitalism produces unemployment. Last February he and several other worthy physical scientists argued and cited figures by the yard to prove that "science has made jobs, not taken them away." And what was the result? The next day one of the editors of The New York Times wrote that "neither the statistics nor the arguments are new. Nor did any of the protagonists of the laboratory explain why there is poverty amid plenty, and idleness where we expect to hear the hum of the machine." From The New York Times no less—most unkindest cut of all!

In his recent speech the worthy head of the California Institute of Technology brought in the shade of Pasteur to prove that the scientist should concentrate on scientific discoveries and avoid the "tiring discussions of politics"—and thereupon launched into a defense of the political theory of Herbert Spencer, who as Father Ryan well remarked, has been dead a long time, "very dead." He also championed an ethical theory which even Herbert Spencer would have been ashamed to father. "To sum it all up," said Dr. Millikan in a passage which he has evidently committed to memory like a mathematical formula, since he has repeated it in his last three speeches in succession, "the progress of civilization consists merely in the multiplication and refinement of human wants. Leave the human spirit free for the development of science and education, and no bounds can be set to the possible fulness of the life of the average citizen of the United States in the coming century." Thus does this church-going apostle of science—Dr. Millikan boasts in his autobiography that he has belonged to two churches, not merely one—translate the Christian doctrine of "a more abundant life" into modern scientific terms. The more abundant life is one where we multiply human wants so that we can use up more gadgets of industry. If only there were enough purchasing power to make even this kind of mad world possible! But the eminent church-going physicist is not only an atrocious moralist in social affairs: he is also

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a bad physicist when it comes to appreciating the dynamics of economic exchange. He is blind to the perpetual-motion fallacy in the profit system.

The scientists' apology for capitalism merely exposes their own ignorance. But what shall we say of the practical threat to stop physical science in its tracks unless we and the government lay off their friends the capitalists? The answer is that if science is to be carried on at the price of cold-shouldering the truth in other fields, and at the price of surrendering the technological applications to private control so that they become a source of new misery instead of the inestimable boon they should be—then the scientific game is scarcely worth the candle. As J. B. S. Haldane recently observed, "Science is in any case in danger of perishing during a general collapse of our political and economic system"; it will perish all the more surely if its control is left in the hands of our rapacious captains of industry, who are ready to take the fascist and Nazi road back to barbarism in order to maintain their privileges.

New York City. BENJAMIN GINZBURG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Was Korzybski Irrelevant?

SIR: Together with many other readers of The New Republic I was amazed by the *flippant, incompetent* and *banal* "review" written by Ernest Nagel, in your issue of August 1, purporting to give an account and evaluation of "Science and Sanity," by Alfred Korzybski.

It begins with a personal attack on the author and a ridicule not substantiated or based on facts. It indicates neither the scope nor the purpose of the book, but picks out *one* detached statement of which only *one* term is quoted correctly, and attempts to escape prosecution for libel by an abortively humorous remark about the writer that "he is bound to say good things occasionally." The review concludes with the estimation that "the book consists of *irrelevant material* taken from mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology and psychiatry." (Italics mine.) . . .

If the reviewer would but examine the opinions of a few of his colleagues respecting the "irrelevancy" of scientific material presented in "Science and Sanity," he might have learned that so far as mathematicians are concerned, Professor Eric T. Bell of the California Institute of Technology went on record as saying: "Korzybski, among personal contributions of his own concerning the law of identity, has succeeded in making current the fundamental revolution in mathematical and other basic thinking, which goes under the name of a non-Aristotelian logic, and bringing to educated people an account of the most significant advance in abstract thought of the past millennium." Bertrand Russell holds that Korzybski's theory "demands serious consideration." Cassius J. Keyser of Columbia, together with the editors of Scripta Mathematica, deemed the book worthy of a 7,000-word review. . . .

Such are the opinions, picked out at random, of the "irrelevancies" of Korzybski's contributions by our leading mathematicians. How about physics? P. W. Bridgman of Harvard writes: " . . . to provide *a technique* by which the vicious consequences of verbal habits may be avoided, I believe that of Count Korzybski must be rated as of the very first importance." How about biology? Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins states about Korzybski's work that, "in this new book he makes, in my opinion, a contribution to human thought and understanding of the very first rank of importance." And Dr. Calvin Bridges of Carnegie Institution writes concerning the "irrelevancies" asserted by Ernest Nagel: "The reformulation of biological concepts is made ultimately inevitable, and is greatly hastened and aided in transition by the generalized point of view established in the non-Aristotelian system of Korzybski."

But after all, the book deals primarily with sanity, and so the judgment of psychiatrists is of specific interest. Says Dr. William A. White of Saint Elizabeth Hospital: "Korzybski's concepts are to me very helpful, particularly his concepts of linearity, multiordinality, degrees of abstractions and, finally, of non-identity. . . . I think he has made a real contribution to the methodology of thinking. . . ."

In the present case, what would be more appropriate than to interview some representative men in the fields of education and psychiatry? If only such decency was shown towards the magazine, the public and the author, then Professor Nagel would have learned, for instance, that at the Washington Normal School tests were conducted by J. C. Trainor, the results of which were reported in his paper under the title: "Experimental Determinations of the Implications of the Theory of General Semantics for Mental Hygiene" showing a measurable reduction of emotional maladjustment in the score of their intelligence tests. At the National Committee for Mental Hygiene as well as at the American Psychiatric Association he could have heard that Dr. P. C. Graven of Washington and other psychiatrists elsewhere in this country are conducting clinics and using the principles described in the book to effect cures and that the results are encouraging.

Unfortunately, the review stands as another demonstration of some sort of a "blockage" on the part of the reviewer and as a sad "slip that passes in the night" in the editorial rooms of The New Republic.

Sherman, Conn. WALTER N. POLAKOV.

SIR: Mr. Ernest Nagel implies that Korzybski's "good things" were no more than should be expected in a book so long. Readers unaware that Korzybski attempts to formulate a system will scarcely realize how scathing Mr. Nagel is in such an imputation of random effort. To the layman who has read the book it looks as if Korzybski in putting psychology, logic, epistemology and even ethics all in a frame of reference called "psycho-logics" is doing something new, worth the attention and possible clarification of Messrs. Russell, Dewey and their ilk. To receive so curt a dismissal from Mr. Nagel is hardly edifying to us tyros who are interested if puzzled by Korzybski. . . .

ROBERT H. ALLEN.

West Roxbury, Mass.

[The absence of Ernest Nagel in Europe prevents his answering Messrs. Polakov and Allen.—THE EDITORS.]

Workers vs. Fascists

SIR: I send herewith a copy of a letter which we have sent to the Socialist, Communist and other revolutionary parties in Austria. You will realize the importance of the suggestion made.

A letter making a similar proposal has been sent to the Socialist and Communist parties of France and Italy.

A. F. BROCKWAY,
Secretary, Independent Labor Party,
London, England. National Administrative Council.

[ENCLOSURE]

5th September, 1934.

Dear Comrades:

We have greatly welcomed the news which has reached us that a United Council of Action has been formed in Vienna to combine the various sections of the revolutionary movement in the struggle against the fascist government.

We welcomed the appeal which the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Socialist Party recently addressed to the Labor and Socialist International on this matter, and we are glad to know that they have so splendidly put their ideas into operation.

We welcomed equally the approach which the Austrian Communist Party made in order to secure a united front, and we appreciate their expression of readiness to cease fratricidal strife in the common struggle.

We believe that the Socialists and Communists of Austria are giving a lead to the working-class movement of the world in establishing unity on a revolutionary basis. Already there are

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signs in many countries that this lead is being followed. The decision of the strong Socialist and Communist parties in France to unite against fascism and war is a notable advance, and the joint manifesto which has now been published by the Italian Communist Party and the Italian Socialist Party associated with the L.S.I. is another indication of this growing tendency. In Spain, also, hopeful developments are taking place in the same direction.

We take the view that the time is rapidly approaching when a big international effort should be made to extend this unity to all countries and we are writing you on the matter because no parties would have a greater influence in securing this object than the parties in Austria which are so heroically carrying on the struggle against Fascism.

We would like to suggest that you should consider whether it would not be possible for you to seek the coöperation of the French and Italian parties, and of other sections of the working class which are sympathetic to the idea, in taking the initiative in calling an international conference of all working-class organizations for the purpose of obtaining united action against fascism, the war struggle against fascism.

If you could do this, your initiative would represent a very formidable moral force in the international movement which it would be difficult for any section of the working class to resist.

In this country we have reached a basis of agreement with the Communist Party for common action on specific issues, and we should be glad to coöperate. We make this suggestion because of our earnest desire to see a unification of the working-class movement to assist the comrades who, like yourselves, are already experiencing the fascist terror, and to help the working-class movement in other countries to beat back the fascist forces, and to save the peoples from war.

Yours fraternally,
On behalf of the National Council
of the Independent Labor Party,
A. F. BROCKWAY.

But What About Rolfe Humphries?

SIR: If you were planning to support Malcom Cowley's attack on Paul Engle by producing ingenuous defenses of the latter, could you not have contrived to invent a more subtle specimen than the one which appears in your issue of October 10, purporting to come from Grand Rapids? Here we have Engle mentioned along with Chaucer, Milton, Keats, Herrick, Marvell and Donne; the approbation of Stephen Vincent Benét and J. Donald Adams quoted as if they were critics: all this in a prose literally peppered with quotation marks, exclamation points, punctuation marks within parentheses, and other familiar clichés of the sophomoric style, over the signature of a professed member of Engle's generation, namely, G. D. Gosling. G—— D—— Gosling is right: but it's all too good to be true, the hoax just a little too obvious.

New York City. ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

[Upon investigation we find that Mr. Gosling, whose letter came through the mails from Grand Rapids, is a real person.—THE EDITORS.]

College Debating Today

SIR: The editorial on college debating in The New Republic for July 11 was, in part, based on misapprehensions of the present status and tendencies of debating. You imply that intercollegiate debating is a fairly recent development, whereas it began almost a century ago and was well established almost everywhere by 1900. You assert or imply that debating for decisions of judges and audiences is a recent tendency and the "current rule," meaning by decisions, judgments as to who did the best debating. This was the prevailing custom until about fifteen years ago. Partly because of debates with British and other foreign teams since that time, and partly because of a decreasing interest on the part of audiences, debaters and directors, this type of debate has greatly declined. For the past twenty-five years there has been a growing tendency towards emphasizing what you call "training in the conversion of opinion" and in direct persuasion of audiences. . . . A mode increasingly employed is that in which the audience indicates its position on the question both before and after the debate.

Another tendency, now well developed, is that of holding debates off the campus, before clubs, labor locals, lodges and the like. Open-forum discussion is almost always a feature in such cases. Intercollegiate radio debates are frequent, and are regular features over some stations, as at WGY. A recent development is the student convention. Last April twenty-four colleges and universities of New York state sent one hundred and fifty debaters to Colgate University to discuss acute state problems.

RUSSELL H. WAGNER.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

[The editorial to which Mr. Wagner refers was based on a series of specific cases in a group of Eastern colleges, some of which included debates with British teams. There are still a good many institutions to which the more intelligent practices he describes have not yet penetrated.—THE EDITORS.]

Extracts from Letters

IN ORDER to clarify the meaning of the Ives loyalty oath required of all school teachers in New York State, a group of educators associated with Columbia University, the College of the City of New York, Union Theological Seminary, the New School for Social Research and other organizations have adopted a supplement to the pledge. The required form of the oath reads: "I do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of New York, and that I will faithfully discharge, according to the best of my ability, the duty of the position . . . to which I am now assigned." In addition to this compulsory oath teachers are invited to take the following voluntary pledge: "We, teachers of the State of New York, in order to define clearly our loyalty as teachers of the children entrusted to our care, do hereby pledge: To hold our highest loyalty to the promotion of the health, material well-being, cultural growth and happiness of the children in our charge; and accordingly: To support and defend the right of every child of school age to the fullest educational advantage; To protect the school children from curtailment of vital school facilities through retrenchment in education; To do our share in protecting the school children from the horrors of war by opposing war preparations and war propaganda, especially in the schools; To uphold the American principle of academic freedom of thought and speech; To oppose all measures of repression directed against students who organize and act in defense of their own interests, and against teachers in their execution of this pledge. This we pledge to the children in the schools, their parents at home and the great masses in factory, shop and office who expect this loyalty of the teaching body."

Basanta Koomar Roy sends us a copy of an open letter to President Roosevelt in which he suggests that a law should be passed both prohibiting scabbing and making it illegal to employ scabs.

The arts commitee of the New York Pen and Hammer is compiling an anthology of revolutionary proletarian verse. Writers who wish to submit poetry, published or unpublished, are invited to forward their material to M. Vetch, Pen and Hammer, 114 West Twenty-first Street, New York City.

The Debs Educational Society of Terre Haute, Indiana, suggests that those who have known and been influenced by Eugene V. Debs write brief letters recalling their association with him, to be read at the Debs memorial meeting at Terre Haute on October 21. They should be addressed to Miss Ruth Crawford, 2438 North Ninth Street, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Taking issue with Mr. Goodwin Watson's application to Arthur E. Morgan, chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority [The New Republic, September 5] of such terms as "Antioch president," "Brain triumvirate," Richard S. Green of Chicago writes to point out that Mr. Morgan has been a reclamation and irrigation engineer for many years, supervising projects throughout the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys.

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Sleeping Guild But Not Escudero

A Sleeping Clergyman, by James Bridie. Guild Theatre, October 8, 1934.

Continental Varieties. Little Theatre, October 3, 1934.

THE FIRST subscription play of the seventeenth subscription season of the Theatre Guild calls for several settings; so that it is hard to see why it was chosen. What with one set and no need for costly actors the choice might have made better sense. However, "A Sleeping Clergyman" is with us, and a good performance in the shape of Mr. Ernest Thesiger.

At this point we may remind the Theatre Guild that the impression of speed is not haste-waste but a question of two things: first, really hurrying up the time involved; second, the attack. By attack is implied the treatment by the actors of vowels and consonants, a certain nervous sharpening of a succession of sound phrases, a certain pacing of syllables by which life, lively intention and the effect of movement is given to the delivery of the lines. The sound, the tempo, in all cases of stage art, is the beginning of the reality. The reality does not mean the realism; it means the total convincingness of effect. And apropos of tempo and reality, I will say for the Guild directing that Miss Ruth Gordon, an actress who of all our players has one of the best instincts for tempo and variety, has been reduced to a merely occasional felicity of reading.

"A Sleeping Clergyman" was written by the same Scotch doctor who wrote "The Anatomist." The London success of the piece made Mr. Ernest Thesiger promising as importation, which was a good thing, since he now reads into the gaps of the play certain intelligent, though semi-outside, implications, and enjoys, more than any actor new to the role could do, the messes of grease paint and hair that shall indicate the advancing years. The general theme of the play is that heroic results may conceivably follow on rotten beginnings or corrupt hereditary combinations.

In this begetting bluster of Marshalls and Camerons the bar sinister has flourished—if that is not a mixed metaphor—since the year 1867, when the brilliant Charles Cameron, inspired as to germ cultures, begot, before his untimely death, a child by Harriet Marshall, which child, in turn, begot by a medical student, assistant to the William Marshall who underruns the whole subsequent avuncular history, a pair of twins, out of which pair the sister subsides into a secretary for the League of Nations and the brother discovers a serum for the great disease that is ravaging the world, deaths by the thousand. The idea of the play is interesting. If it were written with volume and impact, if it all moved dramatically toward some wholeness of conception, it might be impressive. As things go, "A Sleeping Clergyman"—the title itself is tarred with that invincible archness of so much modern British drama—is sporadic; were it not for the playwright's volitions and the play's strain on our attention, it would be merely silly.

Mr. Glenn Anders struggled with admirable sincerity through a role not without its variety but at bottom trite and in essence banal. It would be a subtle point to say that such roles if seen as stage hokum might have their snap and variation. If undertaken seriously, and garnished with the actor's egotism, they show their shreds and patches all too soon. Miss Helen Westley as the boarding-housekeeper is as God made her, entertaining; she has always been so, and her acting follows, if you call it acting. Of the eight several settings, what with doctor's consulting rooms, living rooms, police stations, London flats, Hotel Paradises and dubious lodgings, (a whiff of sin I mean) I may say that it is possible that the police station might have been worse. I am not even sure of that. The moment suggests a comment on the summer theatre around and about New York. Has everybody connected with this production of the Theatre Guild been worn to exhaustion mounting plays in barns and sweeping wharves into immortality? If not, what else could account for the fatigue so evident in this event, why should subscribers and critics be subjected to this banality, chitter and sloppiness?

An interesting technical discussion might arise in connection with "A Sleeping Clergyman." These English importations with which our stage has been favored for the past two seasons go in for a certain casual and chattery procedure. You just talk. Two characters sit on the stage facing each other and give you the main features of a story about to be tinctured, wound up or exploded before us. But in these talkings the audience is supposed to gather all the dramatic implications, to pick up the diverse characters, to follow the situation, as if the stage were the boudoir, with its due concentration, or the bosom, with its strict concern. As a matter of fact (it is a comment on many situations in modern art) this is what happens: First: we have thrown away, or shied at, a formal style, a deliberate projection of the lines. In this style of projection the idea was planted, the word clinched, the impact sent definitely over the footlights. It was the old traditional style in classical productions like Shakespeare; it was also employed in melodrama. Second, we have now in such plays as "A Sleeping Clergyman" screeds of conversation in which the line, the idea, the notation, if projected to the audience—not lost, not remaining on the stage behind the footlights—must be sent over, attacked, deliberately and artificially—what else is art? Otherwise the ensuing leisure of method will not be followed with any profit. But in such a production, or directing, as the Guild has given this play the casual natural method often defeats the result. Talk ensues, the effect of talk rather than dramatic action, as if a mere vowel properly sent over the footlights were not in itself a form of action, as if ideas and dramatic motives did not call for their own.

What a shameful difference when we come to Escudero! In the "Continental Varieties" at the Little Theatre, Mlle. Lucienne Boyer is agreeable; in the spots where she is near the footlights and us the effect is even lovable. But the reasons for listening in French to things tedious in English are still dubious. The harshness of separating such cabaret things from the audience by stage elevation remains. We did it for Raquel Meller, who is out of class with Mlle. Boyer, as Yvonne George would be if she were alive. But with Escudero what a lesson in phrase, in arduous labor of line, in drawing! He is a lesson to every kind of artist in every art; he is a school of artistic character; he is a conscience almost animal, as is true of nature's perfection.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Master of Logic[1]

THE FIRST volume of the "Collected Papers" tried to present Peirce as a systematic thinker constructing far-flung metaphysical mansions—most of which in actuality, however, are to be found only in suggestive hints for future architects. In underscoring the architectonic side of Peirce, however, the present editors supplied a needed corrective to the picture usually formed of him on the basis of writings published in his lifetime, for these seldom suggested the philosopher composing in the grand manner. These latter portrayed him rather as a pioneer in the formation of modern logical techniques, and as a brilliant student of scientific method who brought about a fundamental reorientation in American philosophy by virtue of applying that method to the issues discussed in the schools. A logician, in Peirce's view, was no traditional pedant whose knowledge was circumscribed by the limits of his manual. He was the earnest student of methods employed by men aiming at stable knowledge, and his task was to compare and evaluate them in the light of their efficacy to achieve this aim. The choice of a logical method was therefore regarded by Peirce as of utmost importance. For upon this choice depends whether one is a ruthless barbarian, a superstitious mind abject before the powers of custom and might, or a man of free, liberal intelligence.

Peirce's central insight into the nature of scientific inquiry (developed in the second volume) is that science is more certain of the validity of its methods than it is of any one specific result achieved by them. The genius of science does not consist in a blind gathering of facts: indoctrination with facts without attention to the methods used to reach them is sheer futility. The claim that any proposition of science is indubitable is equally empty, for study shows that the conclusions of science are only probable. Nevertheless, this probability may be increased by persistent application of the self-corrective hypothetico-deductive procedure which is scientific method. This denial of the dogmatic claims to infallibility was a bold thing in Peirce's day. But he supported his views by a careful analysis of the nature of probable reasoning, and did not conclude, as do so many contemporary thinkers, that the probable character of scientific theories is an invitation for a general skepticism and obscurantism. Peirce believed probable reasoning to rest upon matters of fact and not to represent simply our beliefs or expectations; he regarded its measure to be the relative frequency with which arguments of a certain type lead to true conclusions from true premises. Much still remains to be done to lift the veil of obscurity from the nature of probability; but it is not likely that its objective foundations will ever be neglected by those who take the trouble to read Peirce. May politicians of all hues and shades take to heart the fundamental principles of scientific procedure to be found in his pages!

Peirce's published writings on what is called symbolic or mathematical logic are contained in the third volume of this edition. Building upon the work of George Boole and Augustus DeMorgan, he developed a generalized calculus for drawing necessary conclusions, and so extended the boundaries set by tradition for formal logic. By the use of an adequate though clumsy symbolism Peirce was able to show, for example, that reasonings of the familiar type "No ducks waltz, All lieutenants waltz, therefore, No lieutenants are ducks," are not the only valid kind. If logic is to be an organon for the various sciences so that theories may be put to experimental test by first deducing their necessary consequences, forms of valid inferences that had not been considered by traditional logicians must be studied. Incidentally, Peirce showed the serious error in philosophies such as that of Kant, which are based in part on the view that Aristotle had said the last word on formal logic.

It is unfortunate that the name "symbolic logic" is often a cause for driving many away from the study of this subject. Symbolic logic in one sense is no more symbolical or mathematical than is ordinary language; it simply employs a *special* symbolism and algorithm. One of its aims is to lighten the burden of complicated trains of reasoning by means of an appropriate symbolism and easily learned operations upon it. The need for a specially devised notation in even trivial problems is illustrated by a story related by DeMorgan, one of the great wits and logicians of the last century:

> When I was a boy I had seen plenty of people puzzled by the following: An elderly nun was often visited by a young gentleman, and the worthy superior thought it necessary to ask who it was. "A near relation," said the nun. "But what relation?" said the superior. "Oh, madam," said the nun, "very near, indeed, for his mother was my mother's only child." The superior saw that this was very close, and did not trouble herself to disentangle it. And a good many people on whom it was proposed used to study and bother to find out what the name of the connection was.

The answer is obvious to anyone who can express the conditions of the problem in suitable symbolism. It goes without saying that the difficult intellectual feats rapidly performed in the sciences today even by novices would be beyond the powers of ordinary mortals without proper symbolic devices.

But being an engine for deducing the consequences of theories or solving problems is not the exclusive function of symbolic logic, which is also an instrument for the analysis of fundamental ideas in the various sciences, and especially in the philosophy of logic and mathematics. Peirce's contributions to these inquiries appear in the fourth volume. A striking fact about the history of Western philosophy is that its discussions frequently center around the nature of mathematics. Why has so much effort been devoted to this task? The answer is not difficult to give if one remembers the startling power of mathematical methods in whatever fields they can be applied and how naturally this power would impress reflective minds. A just appraisal of man's intellectual achievements and of the basis for his certitudes requires having adequate ideas concerning the nature of mathematics. Answers to this question run the gamut from regarding mathematics as the ladder by which one can reach a haven that is untouched by the precarious character of the natural world, to viewing it as the formulation of empirical routines. Whatever the correct answer, the study of its foundations has borne never failing fruit in

[1] Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce. Edited by Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Vol. II, Elements of Logic. 535 pages. $6. Vol. III, Exact Logic. 447 pages. $5. Vol. IV, The Simplest Mathematics. 611 pages. $6.

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revealing new possibilities of structure and order, the discovery of which has contributed in all ages to the progress of the natural sciences. Contemporary physics, for example, would not be possible without the mathematical researches of such men as Gauss, Riemann, Weierstrass and Poincaré. Peirce was carrying on his studies when Cantor's ultra-platonic views on mathematics were at their flood-tide, views which have had a profound influence upon contemporary philosophy. But he was not swept off his feet by the ecstatic vision of new ideas as completely as was Cantor. On many points, such as the analysis of number, he held sounder ideas than did either Cantor or Russell. Theories about the nature of mathematics are today in flux, and much that Peirce regarded as safely established may require extensive revision. But no greater testimonial can be found for his logical method and for the power and passion with which he cultivated it than the fact that such alterations as may be necessary in his views will be made by essentially the same logical method he himself employed.

ERNEST NAGEL.

Postscript

Not I, But the Wind, by Frieda Lawrence. New York: The Viking Press. 320 pages. $2.75.

THIS BOOK about D. H. Lawrence by his wife has the feeling of a postscript. It comes last, it is laconic and almost offhand and, like many postscripts, it turns out to contain the gist of the whole matter.

"I did not want to write this book," says the author. "I wanted to give Lawrence my silence." Evidently Murry, Brett, Mabel Luhan, etc., forced her to speak. "Lies are all very well in their place but the truth seems to me so much more interesting and proud." And proud and reticent is her postscript correction of their grotesque caricatures.

Mrs. Lawrence nowhere replies directly to her detractors but leaves the word to Lawrence, who does an embarrassingly thorough job of it in the letters here newly published. It is as though he had risen from his grave to discredit with his withering sarcasm all the iconolaters who stampeded into print after his death.

Retort, however, is not the main purpose of the book. "It was a long fight for Lawrence and me to get at some truth between us." That is her story—a long fight, fought literally round the globe. At the beginning, just before they made their union final, both were ill with anxiety. Lawrence, all his life so impulsive, hesitated.

> Like the old knights [he wrote her] I seem to want a certain time to prepare myself—a sort of vigil with myself. Because it is a great thing for me to marry you, not a quick, passionate coming together. I know in my heart "here's my marriage." It feels rather terrible—because it is a great thing in my life—it *is* my life—I am a bit awe inspired. I want to get used to it. . . .
>
> I'm not going to joke, I'm not going to laugh, I'm not going to make light of things for you. . . . I love you too much.

He had his vigil. Then they mated. And he was right, it was his marriage, his life. Years later, desperately ill in Mexico, he said to her: "But if I die, nothing has mattered but you, nothing at all."

In between was the long fight, the obstacles—Frieda's children, Lawrence's sister, Brett, Mabel Luhan, and their own prides and passions. "It was a hard life with him, but a wonderful one"—all through the story, the emphasis is now on the first adjective, now on the second. "Try it then yourself, living with a genius, see what it is like."

Mrs. Lawrence disclaims any pretense at "explaining" her husband. "I *am neither so impertinent or such a fool.*" Yet she is the only critic besides John Strachey to give full weight to his proletarian origin. She recognizes a class element in the war between him and her, stresses the importance of his past in molding his sympathies and antipathies, his manual *industriousness and dexterity*, his *contempt* of "sex in the head" and all preciosity and cerebration. Of "Lady Chatterly" she writes:

> Future generations will benefit, his own race that he loved, and his own class that is less inhibited.

However, possibly through a reluctance to compete with either Lawrence or his biographers, Mrs. Lawrence the writer and critic has deferred unduly to Mrs. Lawrence the editor. There is too little of her story, and too much "hitherto unpublished Lawrence material."

Only a few of the new letters rank with the greatest. The correspondence with Frieda's mother—the grand, rugged old *Schwiegermutter* whose vigor and wholeness had already passed to her daughter—introduces a new personage into the Lawrence saga and shows us a new side of Lawrence, full of tender bonhomie and tolerant affection. Much of the rest is pretty casual communication, and its chronology is often scrambled. As for the Belloli preface, it is perfectly superfluous.

On the other hand, we could do with much more of point and comment by Mrs. Lawrence. Her desire to be fair is unquestionable; her style has dignity and a completely aboveboard kind of directness. At times she singularly mingles trivial memories with important generalizations. But in the final chapter all these characteristics combine to produce one of the most moving narratives of death on record.

PHILIP STEVENSON.

Negro in the Western World

Negro: An Anthology, edited and published by Nancy Cunard. London: Wishart and Company. 850 pages, illustrated. £2, 10s.

NANCY CUNARD calls her huge book an anthology. More properly it is a one-volume encyclopedia of the Negro race in the Americas, in Africa and in Europe. Comprehensive and illuminating, it sets forth in a completeness unequaled by any other single book the varied activities of that race. Some 150 writers, Negro and white, American, Latin American, African and European, have contributed historical surveys of the Negro's African background and of his introduction to and development in the Western World; as well as accounts of the obstacles facing him both as a Negro and as a worker; of his achievements in education, literature, music, the theatre and the plastic arts.

Miss Cunard's own contributions are among the most valuable in the book. British-born of an American mother and an English peer, she views the Negro in his relations with the white world with singularly rare insight. For her, Harlem is no show place of speakeasies and night clubs wherein comic black folk entertain a jaded world. Nor is the Negro that tragic and forlorn figure the romanticist pictures. Rather he is a man, an American, a worker, handicaped to be sure by the pernicious color-phobia of

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America, but nevertheless fundamentally akin to other workers.

When she visited Harlem in the summer of 1932 in search of material for her book, Miss Cunard went everywhere: to churches, to theatres, to night clubs, to rent parties and to private receptions, to radical meetings and to gatherings of the strictly race-conscious elements. She saw everything. Keenly observant and gifted with an uncommon understanding she penetrated racial frontiers as few white people are able to do.

She is frankly revolutionary in her outlook, advocating "an all-Communist Harlem in an all-Communist United States." But while her communist bias tends at times to distort her judgment, it gives clarity and pungency to her expression. She writes succintly, lucidly and with the directness of one assured of the strength of her position.

As to be expected in a work of this kind, there is a considerable range in the literary and critical quality of the contributions. On the whole, however, Miss Cunard has selected judiciously. She brings to the English reading public a number of highly articulate Latin Americans and Africans little known in this country. These she ranges side by side with some of the leading American and European writers and critics: Theodore Dreiser, W. E. B. DuBois, Mike Gold, Langston Hughes, Ezra Pound, Professor E. Westermarck, Norman Douglas, George Schuyler, Walter White, Alfred Kreymborg, Raymond Michelet, Countee Cullen, W. C. Handy, Sterling Brown and Zora Neale Hurston.

"It was necessary to make this book," Miss Cunard writes in a foreword. One can imagine that the making of the book was for her a great game, to which she gave joyously of time, energy and money. "Negro" is at once a slap in the face of the British dowagers who disavowed her for her association with Negroes, and a justification for her defiance of the restrictive code of Anglo-Saxon society. But it is much more than that. It is a valuable contribution to world literature of the black race.

HENRY LEE MOON.

Closed Circle

You Cannot Kill the Working Class, by Angelo Herndon. New York: International Labor Defense and League of Struggle for Negro Rights. 32 pages. 5 cents.

THE FIRST time I saw Angelo Herndon was in the Fulton Tower Prison, in Atlanta, with a half-dozen hard-faced Southern jail officials leaning over him while he talked; the second time I saw him, he was riding on the shoulders of men, black and white, up the aisle of the Bronx Coliseum, to the cheers of ten or fifteen thousand people. Both times he was smiling and amazingly calm. It is in just that calm manner that this pamphlet is written. It is the story of one Negro's life—an important theme in any case, but doubly important when, as is here the case, it is the life story of the Negro of the future. It touches on his antecedents, shows you a bit of his childhood, a childhood of the poverty that is the average Negro's lot. Then the boy goes to work.

It is this section of the pamphlet I find most interesting. Much (though, God knows, not too much!) has been written on the treatment of Negroes from the spectacular angle —the lynchings, whippings, etc.; but little has been done to impress upon whites the unspectacular, even, day-in-and-day-out burden of the race, the burden of the leper, the malformed, the outcast. Imagine as a youth realizing that, no matter what your ability, you will never be able to rise above the lowest of menial jobs, that there is a ruling against it as hard and fast as the laws governing chattel slaves. Imagine standing in the center of your native city and realizing that no matter in which direction you turn, your entering the homes, restaurants, theatres (except nigger heaven), streetcars (except the back), is no more permissible than for a horse to wander off the street and do the same.

Herndon has found his answer to the intolerable problem, and the last of the pamphlet is devoted to his struggle. I suggest that the pamphlet be bought and distributed. And I suggest that now and then the reader put it down and contemplate this scene (which has always been around him) and say: "There, but for the grace of a chromosome, go I!"

WILLIAM ROLLINS, JR.

Set My People Free

Concerning the Jews, by Mark Twain. New York: Harper and Brothers. 31 pages. 25 cents.

Whither Israel? by Alfons Goldschmidt. New York: Box 130. Hotel Brevoort. 44 pages. 25 cents.

Problems of the Jews in the Contemporary World, by Charles E. Shulman. Chicago: Argus Book Shop. 40 pages. 50 cents.

Judaism as a Civilization, by Mordecai M. Kaplan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 615 pages. $5.

How Odd of God: An Introduction to the Jews, by Lewis Browne. New York: The Macmillan Company. 261 pages. $2.50.

TODAY, after thousands of years of anti-Jewish persecution, the periodical outbreaks of which—whether under Nero in Rome or in Algeria under the French Republic—were always a corollary of economic crises, it is generally recognized that the causes of anti-Semitism are basically economic. Every unbiased writer proclaims it in one form or another. Back in 1898, Mark Twain concluded merely by exercising his common sense that "Jewish persecution is not a religious passion, it is a business passion." In a solid little pamphlet stuffed with a great number of facts and quotations, Dr. Alfons Goldschmidt illustrates the same truth by a dispassionate historical survey. And Dr. Alice Hamilton (quoted in Rabbi Shulman's essay) has directly observed that "the German definition of a Jew is to be a person whose job is desired."

None of our authors goes beyond this somewhat abstract statement. But in order to orient the Jew in his struggle for freedom, it is not enough to understand the nature of anti-Semitism in general; one must determine the exact economic processes that underlie *modern* anti-Semitism, which has quite distinctive features of its own. It is almost always bound up with demagogic anti-capitalism and anti-radicalism. It represents itself as "revolutionary," as "emancipating" the world from the "Jewish yoke," and denounces the "common" International of bankers and Reds. In brief, it becomes a method, applied with what sinister, if temporary, effect the recent spread of Nazism and the older Tsarist pogroms attest.

Vague statements on the order of Mr. Browne's supposition that "the Eternal Wanderer will continue to wander, until light comes to redeem all mankind," are noble and perhaps poetic, but obviously insufficient. For purposes of practical action one must realize that anti-Semitism today is part of the ruling-class defense against a new and rising social order; that Jews as a group can be completely emanci-

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pated only with the emancipation of society—with, that is, the elimination of contending classes. This of course does not mean that Israel is again elected to perform a mission. All the peoples of the earth have the same mission, and the Jews have only to do their part.

The age-old problem thus becomes reformulated; the tribal unity fostered by Jewish nationalism on the one hand, anti-Semitism on the other, becomes an anachronism. The struggle for emancipation may not be directed outward, but must logically take place within Israel itself. Look at the situation in Germany, where even in the face of such policies of downright persecution as Hitler's, the opposition is divided by the fact that Jewish capital is thrown to the support of Nazism. And see how easy it always is to find, in Germany or anywhere else, certain conservative elements of the race fishing around in the muddy puddle of nationalism. Rabbi Kaplan, for one, is doing precisely this sort of thing throughout his long treatise.

In "Judaism as a Civilization" he tries to give a complete program for what he rather grandiloquently calls "the religious-culturist" movement. He wants the Jews to return to religion—a religion "adapted," of course, to modern science. He advocates the maintenance of Jewish racial and national peculiarities, including the Hebrew language and even the lunar calendar. Concerning the status of the Jews in the world, he quietly declares that "they will have to adjust themselves to the necessity of participating in two civilizations." He concedes that they must strive for social justice. But even though "capitalism is irreligious," he concludes, God save them from Socialism! One cannot help noticing that all these themes, despite the dignified manner of their presentation, have about them the unmistakable smell of authentic Nazism dressed in Jewish fringes. The sole positive justification of this nationalism (which has to perform for Jews the same function that modern anti-Semitism performs for certain Gentiles) is that it will preserve the Jews as a separate race.

The Jewish clergy have always congratulated themselves upon the "miraculous" survival of their people as a separate race. Admitting the credit for this achievement to be theirs, there is still very little to be proud of. Everything that is valid in Judaism is only valid because of its universality. And I simply deny that duration for the sake of mere duration is a spiritual value; were that the case, any cobblestone would be more significant than all the spiritual achievements of mankind.

In "How Odd of God," Lewis Browne has done a most useful job by refuting many ideas (axiomatic to Rabbis, but none the less false) concerning the existence of a Jewish "nation," "race" or "civilization." He shows clearly that the "survival" of the Jews is due not to a deliberate effort on their part, but to concrete historical conditions. When he says that "the consciousness of one's birth should be at most a subtle rhythm in one's innermost being, but with us it is made instead a confusing roar," he expresses more of Jewish reality than is to be found in the 600 pages of Rabbi Kaplan's book. The Jewish people don't want the "Jewish life," as Rabbi Kaplan preaches; they want a *human* life.

Unfortunately Browne is often too timid in his reinterpretation of Jewish history. He fails to show that in building around their people the wall of the Law, the Rabbis were not merely trying to preserve Jewish integrity, but actually sacrificing the real interests of the Jews to their own interests as a priestly caste. He sees that Jewish spirituality is mainly an antidote against the poisons of misery and despair; but he is unaware of the frequent interrelation between the Jewish clergy and moneyed classes and the Gentile persecutors of the Jews—a relation, for instance, only too evident in Poland, where conservative Rabbis cooperate with Polish officials in eliminating Yiddish schools in order to perpetuate the medieval *heder*. Nevertheless, despite its deficiencies, Browne's account is refreshing and instructive and sound compared with the usual sentimental trash presented as Jewish history.

Browne proposes his own explanation of anti-Semitism. "The hostility between Jew and non-Jew," he thinks, "in so far as it is not a relic from the past, is essentially but an aggravated phase of the universal hostility between the townsman and the rustic." The fact that for so many centuries Jews have lived in cities certainly accounts for many a Jewish idiosyncrasy. And as a contribution to the theory of anti-Semitism at least, there is a modicum of truth in Browne's statement. The increasing exodus from the villages sharpens competition in cities, where (especially in backward European countries) the Jews have hitherto had a proportionately greater share in trades and liberal professions. But the urbanization of the Gentile and the ruralization of the Jew are hardly a practical remedy against anti-Semitism. Within present capitalism, ruralizing the Jew simply means driving him back toward the hardships peasants try to escape by going to the cities. And on the other hand, we see in Palestine a new kind of anti-Semitism resulting directly from Jewish agricultural settlement. Enthralled by his theory, Browne is unable to answer clearly the question, What is to be done for the Jews? He realizes that in Soviet Russia this problem is solved, "Not because the Jews will be made over in the image of the Gentiles, but rather because both will be made over in the image of a new type of man." But at the same time he places exaggerated hopes in the venture of ruralization through Zionism. He fails completely to see the fundamental opposition, even contradiction, implicit in these two methods. And yet the alternative is clear. Either the Jews will attempt to establish themselves as a separate nation, within the framework of the present society of each country, and subordinate the social problem to the national (this "method of freedom" being preached by Jewish rabbis, Chinese war-lords and fascists of all countries—we know with what results); or else they will do as they have done in Soviet Russia and concentrate their energies on the objective of their liberation as human beings.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

Books in Brief

When the Looms Are Silent, by Maxence van der Meersch. Translated by Frederick A. Blossom. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

THIS novel by a young French writer is about a textile strike in Roubaix, northern France, and is completely muddle-headed. The strike, which begins on the first page and ends on the last, is one long dark procession of unending pain. The author resents this pain chiefly because he feels that it has led to nothing: his sympathy is limited to individuals: a child ridden down by troopers, an old couple who suffer separation and death, an independent workman who is stripped of everything, a disastrously bankrupted good mill-owner. He sees hope only in the self-sacrifice of a man and the transforming devotion of a woman. Thus he has confused the problem of personal salvation with the industrial one of economic redistribution. How will Christian virtues solve that? Nor does he dispose of the idea of Communism by making his one Communist character a scoundrel, and belittling militant unionism because individu-

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als suffer in the process of its struggles. Of course they suffer. But why? And why strikes in the first place? There is, I suppose, no reason why M. van der Meersch should have to know the answers to such questions; but there is even less reason why he should expect to write about strikes with any authority until he does. J. J. M.

Earth, Radio and the Stars, by Harlan True Stetson. New York: Whittlesey House. 336 pages. $3.

It is a far cry from the self-contained planet of Victorian science to the Earth as Dr. Stetson pictures her, bathed in a flood of cosmic influences, light, sun spots, electrons, forces complex and only partially known. His survey is a popular one in that it aims simply to set down facts—many of them from his own researches—without the abstruse mathematical calculations upon which the facts depend. He gives (except for some unhappy attempts at lighter phraseology in the first chapter) a clear and interesting account of what might be called cosmic geography, or to use the term he suggests, "cosmecology." He believes that there is considerably more dark interstellar matter than has often been estimated, inclines to the electronic explanation of the cosmic rays, and offers effective support to the theory of terrestrial isostasy—that the continents float, or at times have floated, on the deeper basaltic layers of the earth's crust. It has become so customary for popularized science to wander deeply into fields of dubious philosophy that Dr. Stetson's work stands out for its restraint in sticking to the picture of the planet Earth. L. B.

Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark, by Charles Morrow Wilson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 318 pages. $3.

Meriwether Lewis, Virginian, friend and secretary of Jefferson, reputed lover of Theodosia Burr, leader of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, died mysteriously at the age of thirty-five. He had served barely a year as governor of the huge territory that he had been the first to explore; and with his ability, popular reputation and political connections, his career would appear to have been well under way. As it is, his fame rests entirely on his great exploration, which not only opened the Louisiana Purchase but served as the basis of the American claim to the Oregon territory. The author of this first full-length biography of "the Lindbergh of 1803" has omitted any historical consideration of his subject, apparently in an effort to write a "popular" study; and since this attempt to "recreate" the character is perhaps impossible with the meager material available, he leans rather heavily on the "Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition." Except for a good summary of the evidence, in which the author establishes suicide rather than murder as the cause of the moody Virginian's death, he might as well have issued a popular edition of the "Journals"; it would have been a better book. C. G.

Zaharoff, High Priest of War, by Guiles Davenport. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. 330 pages. $3.

Max Schuster, of Simon and Schuster, once suggested in this reviewer's presence "a Zaharoff article to end Zaharoff articles." Mr. Davenport has risen to the occasion with a book, based on personal acquaintance with the mystery man of Europe and his nephew. His facts are often wrong, his conjectures are improbable, his style is turgid and the general effect is that of a third-rate detective story. Q. H.

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Grammar of Love, by Ivan Bunin. Translated by John Cournos. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.

The best stories in this uneven collection are those dating back to Bunin's immediate pre-war period: "Sunstroke," "On the Great Road" and "A Single Peasant." The others are distorted by the two main themes he is preoccupying himself with in his exile: satire upon the peasantry turned Communist and idyllic recollections of love in old Russia. When he can get away from the tight viciousness of such crude political malice as "Comrade Dozorny" he projects his traditional procession—peasants, revolutionaries, students, artists, young officers on a Volga holiday—into the turmoil of love. They are from first to last overwhelmed by love, tormented by it, and so completely given to its compulsions that the agony of their desire becomes the whole of their experience. His characters never get really excited, desirous or even completely personal. They are reflected as fantastically placid people set against shifting but curiously alike horizons: the grammar of love comes to lose all syntax. The author is always resorting to suicide or murder or general confusion and oblivion to get rid of them physically, as it were, in order to dispose of them dramatically. The impersonal aspects of life, indeed, seem all that he can create truly. In his pages you can smell the Russian rivers, which never smell of water alone; the sight of the harvests, with their odd profusion of hybrid crops comes to you in its impressiveness; the roads that lead in and out of the Caucasus seem more golden and absurd than when you trod them long ago.

A. K.

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Contributors

CHARLES A. BEARD is the author of "American Government and Politics," "The Economic Basis of Politics," "The Rise of American Civilization" (with Mary R. Beard), "The Future Comes: A Study of the New Deal." "The Open Door at Home" is to be published in November.

WALLACE S. SAYRE, a member of the Department of Government, Washington Square College, New York University, has made studies of party systems in several states and is now at work on a biography of Robert M. La Follette, Sr.

BENJAMIN GINZBURG, author of "The Adventure of Science," has been holding a fellowship from the American Council of Learned Societies for research on the rise of experimental science.

ERNEST NAGEL is spending the year abroad on a Guggenheim Fellowship. He is devoting himself to studies in the history of logic and contemporary logical theory.

PHILIP STEVENSON is the author of two novels, "The Edge of the Nest" and "The Gospel According to St. Luke's," and of a play, "God in His Heaven," recently awarded the Theatre Union's one-act-play prize and to be published shortly in the Union's script library.

HENRY LEE MOON is on the staff of The (New York) Amsterdam News.

WILLIAM ROLLINS, JR., is the author of "The Shadow Before," a novel about a New England textile strike, published by McBride last spring.

NORBERT GUTERMAN studied philosophy and psychology at the Sorbonne under Janet and Dumas. He is an editor of Avant-Poste, a French critical review.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Jerome Melquist, Lawrence Brown, Caroline Gordon, Quincy Howe and Alfred Kazin.

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